Hollywood

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

September

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AUG -6 1934
PERIODICAL DIVISION

I'D FIGHT TO HOLD MY MAN

—Mae West

NO MAN IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR

—Jean Harlow

JEAN HARLOW

Mae West Should Get Married!



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SCREEN BOOK

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Vol. 23
No. 9

HOLLYWOOD

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

Edited in Hollywood

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

Contents for September, 1934



Alice Faye*—She Learned About Sailors *and, as you can see, looks cute as the dickens in a sailor chapeau

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

Marian Marsh Is back in Hollywood after six-months of picture-making in England and France. . . . There's every possibility that Mary Pickford will star in a stage production on the coast. . . . When a male socialite called Jack LaRue, "a sissified gangster" Jack up and k.o'd the fellow, while other guests at the very 400-ish ball gasped in horror. . . . Sidney Howard, the London star, is here for a United Artists' rôle.

●

Walter Winchell, vacationing in Hollywood, may emote in a flicker before returning to Broadway. . . . Paramount is going to launch W. C. Fields as Will Rogers' rival as a screen philosopher. . . . Frank Capra has chosen Myrna Loy to emote opposite Warner Baxter in Columbia's super, *Broadway Bill*. . . . They say Helen Morgan was terribly disappointed because none of the producers bid for her services during her California stay. . . . Doris Kenyon and Adolphe Menjou will co-star in Universal's *The Human Side*.

●

Jean Muir is awfully peeved at Sylvia, the masseuse, for saying things about her silhouette in those farm woman rôles. . . . The Warren Williams have gone ranchy . . . they've purchased ten acres out near Encino. . . . Dorothy Martin (the first Mrs. Eddie Hillman) is in town to try her luck in the talkies. . . . Ethel Merman here for her rôle in Cantor's next, *Kid Millions*.

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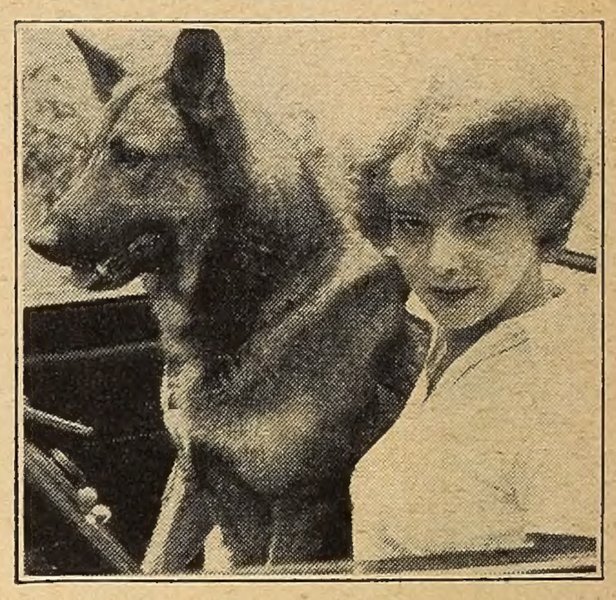
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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor



Elissa Landi is proud of her police dog, Tack, with whom she is motoring on her Beverly Hills estate

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

Two Days After attending a shower given in honor of Billie Dove, Ruth Roland sued Billie for $25,750 because of that dog bite. . . . Adamae Vaughn was betrothed to Joseph Valentine Roul Fleur D'Auvray for five whole years before going to the altar with him t'other day. . . . Paul Kelly collects ultra-ancient autos as a hobby. . . . Boris Karloff won stardom as a black-browed villain, yet he's just aching for a nice-clean-young-man rôle.

●

Dorothy Tree, who tried no less than three times to crash important rôles without success, credits her current forward spurt to the fact that she is wearing a blonde wig. . . . El Brendel walked smack into a pole on a Warner Brothers' set and knocked himself cold. . . . They used rubber barbs on the barbed-wire for the *Viva Villa* battle scenes. . . . Evelyn Venable is a vegetarian . . . Ben Bernie did so well in *Shoot the Works* he's been resigned for the featured spot in Paramount's *One Night Stand*.

●

Lenore Keefe of the 1934 Wampas Babies is the daughter of Bill Keefe, Hollywood's first press agent. . . . W. S. VanDyke is the colony's champion joiner . . . he belongs to thirty-three organizations. . . . Betty Furness has wall-papered her dressing room with telegrams received since she was five years old. . . . Steffi Duna goes about town leading a lion cub on a leash.

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BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in "She Loves Me Not"
with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent
MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Curley Flagg"
a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet
KITTY CARLISLE
Paramount Pictures
PRINCETON
"LOVE IN BLOOM," "I'M HUMMIN', I'M WHISTLIN', I'M SINGIN'"



what's new ON THE SCREEN

Advance information on pictures worth seeing

RATING CODE—● ● ● ● Excellent ● ● ● Good ● ● Fair ● Mediocre

Cleopatra

● ● ● ● How better could we start off telling about the month's new films than with Cecil B. DeMille's gorgeous spectacle, *Cleopatra*? The glamorous queen of ancient Egypt is brought to life by Claudette Colbert in one of the Old Master's most lavish productions. The story is that of the royal vamp who uses her allure to enmesh the great Caesar and Marc Antony as a means toward conquering the Roman Empire. Claudette has never been more glorious than she is as Cleo, Warren William makes a superb Caesar and Henry Wilcoxon, fresh from England, proves his heralded ability in the rôle of Marc Antony. This triumvirate of great players is abetted by a vast supporting cast, costly production and intelligent direction. A picture no fan can afford to miss.

Barretts of Wimpole Street

● ● ● ● The old love story of the poet Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, complicated as it was by the unnatural love of Elizabeth's father for his three daughters, of which she was the eldest, is delightfully retold in this splendid picture starring Fredric March as the poet, Norma Shearer as the invalid Elizabeth, who finds health as well as love in her romance, and Charles Laughton, the great English actor, who plays the father rôle. Laughton, especially, delivers a magnificent performance in a difficult part.



Just a sample of the many beautiful girls in* Dames, *the new Warner musical featuring Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. Her name is Ruth Eddings. You'll find pictures of a number of other lovelies from the same film on page 24

One More River

● ● ● ● An almost completely English cast, headed by Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Colin Clive and Reginald Denny, give a great rendition of Galsworthy's fine story. Jane Wyatt is the only American. The story is an intensely human tale, highly dramatic and well presented.

Million Dollar Ransom

● ● ● ● Another of those fine Damon Runyan yarns with Phillips Holmes as the young scion of wealth who hires Edward Arnold to kidnap him to prevent his mother's marriage to a gigilo. Mary Carlisle is the gangster's daughter with whom Holmes falls in love. There are plenty of exciting complications and the entire cast is excellent.

The World Moves On

● ● ● ● A strong war drama that will certainly serve as anti-war propaganda. It is the story of an internationalized family split asunder one member against the other, by war. Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll, the English actress who leaped to fame with her rôle in *I Was a Spy*, head a distinguished cast.

The Old Fashioned Way

● ● ● A typical W. C. Fields comedy. The star gives the audience a great two hours of entertainment, although there's not much *story* — but since when has Bill Fields needed a story? Baby LeRoy and Judith Allen are in the cast.

HOLLYWOOD

Of Human Bondage

• • • The combination of Somerset Maugham's famous book and fine portrayals by Leslie Howard, as the club-footed hero, and Bette Davis, the waitress who holds him in the bondage of her feminine appeal, make this worthwhile entertainment, although the Maugham story suffers somewhat in translation to the screen. The cast includes Kay Johnson, Frances Dee, Reginald Denny and Alan Hale.

She Loves Me Not

• • • • You can't go wrong on this funfest of a chorus cutie among the collitch boys. Rapid fire from start to finish with Miriam Hopkins and Bing Crosby taking top honors. Imagine Miriam in her dancing costume stranded in a Princeton dormitory!

Baby, Take a Bow

• • • Shirley Temple again, and again she steals the picture. Plenty of comedy thrills as Jimmie Dunn and Ray Walker, former convicts, try to return a stolen necklace while Detective Alan Dinehart pursues them. Shirley keeps hiding the necklace and a lot of fun is had by all—with the possible exception of Sleuth Dinehart. A fine comedy.

Born to Be Kissed

• • • • Here's another good comedy. (Looks like a great month for the funny bone!) Jean Harlow has her best chance to date to demonstrate that she has more than platinum blonde hair and so forth. Franchot Tone and Lionel Barrymore give her fine support and Lewis Stone and Patsy Kelly turn in excellent performances. A typical Harlow picture which Harlow fans will find just to their taste—and we'll bet it will make a lot of new ones, too!

Shoot the Works

• • • If you like back-stage stuff and can stand a big dose of Jack Oakie (as who can't?) then by all means see *Shoot the Works.* It's the brand of entertainment all studios try to turn out. Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, makes his debut as a full-fledged player in this one and that alone should bring a few million of you radio fans trampling into the theatres. There is a tragic side to this picture for it marks the final appearance of Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell, both of whom died just previous to its release. The cast also includes Arlene Judge, Alison Skipworth and Roscoe Karns. See it by all means.

Murder in the Private Car

• • • An excellent comedy-thriller, this film introduces Mary Carlisle as a millionaire's daughter, Charlie Ruggles and Una Merkel as a comedy pair and Russell Hardie as Mary's



5 TO 15 POUNDS GAINED *Fast*

New easy way adds solid flesh in a few weeks. Thousands gain with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny", scrawny and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

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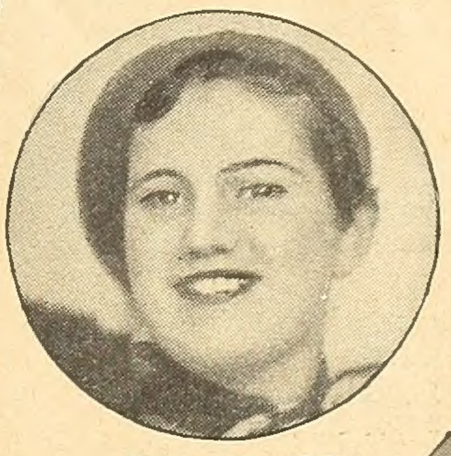
Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

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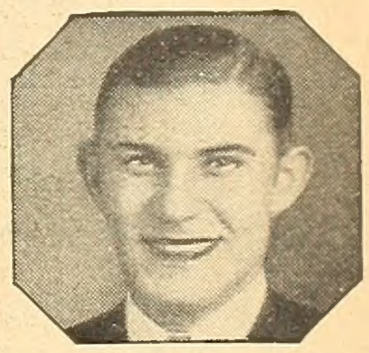
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Helen Roethle

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F. E. Sherrill

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THEN

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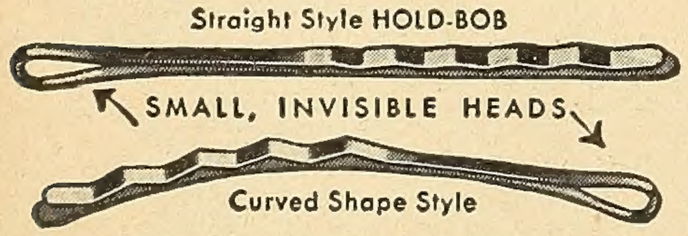
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young man, all in a private car heading for New York while the old mystery standbys transpire — murders, lights flashing on and off, eerie voices and the rest of them. The comedy is continual and enjoyable.

His Greatest Gamble

• • • This is Richard Dix as his fans —particularly the feminine ones—like to see him. A gambler reckless in his profession and sentimental in his love for his infant daughter, whom he has kidnaped from his divorced wife, lands in prison accused of a woman's murder, and later escapes to restore happiness to his daughter, Dorothy Wilson, now grown to young womanhood. Edith Fellows, Bruce Cabot and Erin O'Brien-Moore are excellent support.

She Learned About Sailors

• • • A light, fast-stepping comedy which is bound to please. Alice Faye and Lew Ayres do fine work as the night club entertainer and the sailor whose romance almost goes on the rocks. It's a swaggering tale of the navy ashore in an oriental port and its interest is increased by the antics of Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant. Not a dull moment.

Bachelor Bait

• • • A pleasing little comedy with plenty of laughs and human interest. The story concerns the building of a successful matrimonial bureau by Stuart Erwin, an idealist, and Skeets Gallagher, a more crafty and practical soul. The entire cast—including Pert Kelton and Rochelle Hudson—have exceptional opportunities to display their talents.

Here Comes the Groom

• • • The presence of Jack Haley and Mary Boland makes this a bright and entertaining comedy. Haley gets himself wanted by the police to please his girl friend, but is captured by an heiress, in whose home the girl friend later turns up as a servant. The cast includes Isabel Jewell, Neil Hamilton, Sidney Toler and Patricia Ellis.

Our Daily Bread

• • • • A beautifully written and expertly directed picture depicting the heart-rending struggle of a young couple faced by the problems of the depression. It will strike home to the hearts of millions who have gone through the same struggle, and it is reminiscent of King Vidor's other epic, *The Crowd*. Tom Keene and Karen Morley turn in exceptional performances. See it by all means.

The Most Precious Thing in Life

• • Jean Arthur appears in what is for her a new type of rôle, one in which she is called upon to portray both youth and age, and she comes through with telling effect. Donald Cook also shines in a dual-age part and Richard Cromwell and Anita Louise are excellent. The story is set against a college background and concerns a father's attempt to break up his son's romance, and the heroic struggles of the mother—long since divorced and working as a servant at the college—to thwart his plan and prevent another heartbreak like the one she suffered when Family and Tradition were allowed to smash love.

Here Comes The Navy

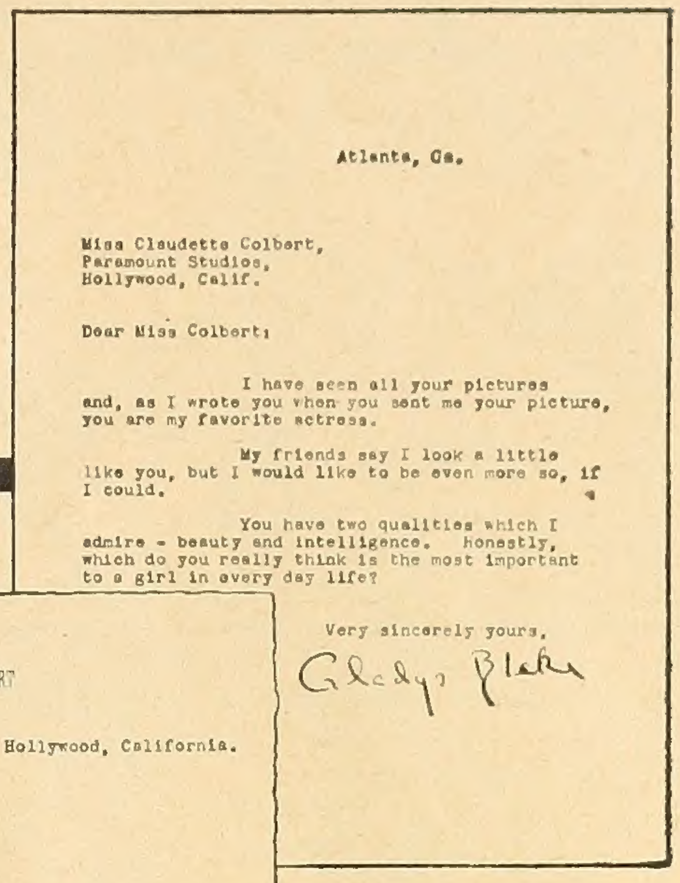
• • • Some of these days somebody is going to discover James Cagney is an actor. In spite of the fact this is the same sort of stuff Jimmie has been doing since he pushed a grapefruit in Joan Blondell's face it's a wow. Plenty of thrills, romance, comedy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart, Frank McHugh and NAVY.



***Phillips Holmes, Charles Boyer and Loretta Young as they appear in Fox's forthcoming spectacular production,* Caravan**

Drop Me a Line

Write a letter to your favorite star and try for a cash award and a personal answer! See details below



Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Claudette Colbert,
Paramount Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have seen all your pictures and, as I wrote you when you sent me your picture, you are my favorite actress.

My friends say I look a little like you, but I would like to be even more so, if I could.

You have two qualities which I admire - beauty and intelligence. Honestly, which do you really think is the most important to a girl in every day life?

Very sincerely yours,
Gladys Blake

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Hollywood, California.

Miss Gladys Blake,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Miss Blake:

Thank you for your very nice letter.

In answer to your question as to whether beauty or intelligence is the greater asset, I consider intelligence to be much more essential to any girl.

The intelligent woman of today can create an illusion of beauty. Even a girl of extreme plainness can, by careful study, choose her best points and elaborate upon them. No woman likes to be considered un-beautiful. With the facilities of the modern day, when every aid to beauty can be obtained at little or no expense, there is no reason why any woman should be considered plain or ordinary. Proper dressing, the most becoming coiffure and make-up, if applied to the individual with the idea of taking advantage of every asset, can accomplish the most remarkable results.

However, without intelligence, even the most beautiful woman, after the first commanding glance, can become most uninteresting.

Cordially,
Claudette Colbert

Gladys Blake's letter to Claudette Colbert and Claudette's answer. Perhaps you will win next month's award

Unfair Judgment

I HAVE ALWAYS wondered, after reading letters criticizing the different movie stars, why people are not broadminded enough to consider that when a player appears in a certain production he cannot be judged by the part he plays any more than our home talent actors or school children can be judged by the parts *they* play in amateur shows. It is very unfair and not good sense to judge a girl "hard," "course," "loud," "crude" and so forth because she has appeared in a rôle of that character. It is her work and she is doing it in as conscientious a manner as anyone applies himself to his particular task.

($1.00 Letter) HAZEL BROOKS,
Waupun, Wis.

Fears for the Men!

IN THE May issue of your magazine I read the article entitled, *Are Pretty Girls Safe in Hollywood?* and I think it should be changed to *Are Handsome Men Safe in Hollywood?* My opinion is that the girls can take care of themselves, but it is the men who are usually in danger. In this modern age girls know what they want and evidently intend to get it.

($1.00 Letter)
MARGOT STEPHENS,
52 Prospect Street, South Orange, N. J.

A Big Order

PLEASE, Mr. Movie Man, show me: A Garbo picture that isn't all Garbo . . . George Raft with his hair mussed . . . Connie Bennett in another light comedy rôle (and let her sing more) . . . A newspaper story in which the reporters act like reporters . . . Lots of Helen Mack . . . Ditto Frances Drake . . . Norma Shearer in something besides a parlor problem play . . . One of Jimmy Cagney's leading ladies kicking him back.

($1.00 Letter) C. C. McMILLAN,
Box 163, Oakdale, Calif.

Why Not Jalna?

WHY DON'T the producers make more pictures based on some of the interesting books we have all read? We'd

Please turn to page ten

One or more stars will reply to the best letters received during the month. These will be reproduced on this page and $10 will be paid for each letter so published; $5 will be paid for the two next-best letters, and $1 each will be paid for the next five. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of a tie. The editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will be the sole judges and their decision will be final. No letters will be returned and the right to reproduce, either wholly or in part, any letters received is reserved. Address your letters to Drop Me a Line, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

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The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Fling a challenge to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

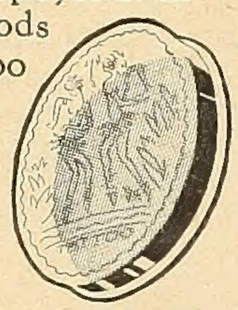
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Choose your most suitable shade of Tattoo by actually testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. Tattoo For Lips is $1.

Tattoo Rouge (for Lips and Cheeks) . . . 75c



4 STARTLING SHADES

TATTOO *for Lips and* TATTOO ROUGE *(for cheeks and lips) come in these really startling shades.*

• CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

• EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it *very* effective!

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• PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

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11 E. Austin Ave., Chicago.
10c enclosed. Send me Trial Size Tattoo (LIPSTICK) postpaid.
☐ Coral ☐ Exotic ☐ Natural ☐ Pastel
Name .....
Street .....
Town ..... *State* .....

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TATTOO

Drop Me a Line

Continued from page nine

like to see, for instance, a movie of such books as *The White Oaks of Jalna,* with Edna May Oliver as the granny, John Gilbert as *Reynard,* Phillips Holmes as *Eden,* Barbara Stanwyck as *Eden's* wife, Norman Foster as *Piers,* Jean Parker as *Pier's* wife and Richard Cromwell as *Finch.* Also we wish very much to see a talkie version of *Peter Pan* with Katharine Hepburn playing the part of *Peter* and Jean Parker as *Windy.* Please, can't we have some more of those timorous mysteries on the screen such as *The Dark Garden, Menace* and *Album?*
($1.00 Letter)

HELEN L. HARRIS,
139 Franklin Avenue, Kittanning, Pa.

Thanks to Arliss

JUST a word of thanks for the pleasant afternoon I spent in seeing George Arliss in *The House of Rothschild.* My vocabulary is too limited to go into rhapsodies of praise, but again I say, "thank you" to him for giving such an understanding portrayal of a very difficult rôle. I feel that his advise to his five sons in the fore-part of the picture is as applicable and worth as much consideration today as it was in the days during which the scenes of the story are laid. I enjoyed the rôle Mrs. Arliss played as she made me feel her affections and feeling for Mr. Arliss were as true in real life as in the movies.
($1.00 Letter)

MRS. B. J. CONLON,
815 Sixth Avenue, Councile Bluffs, Ia.

Australia Heard From

While You Will probably consign the following comments to the w. p. b., at least you may gather something of the general intelligence of the Australian fan in general. Far be it from me to criticize the work of a man who probably earns his living at it, but Harry Carr's article (*War Declared on American Movies*) in a recent issue calls for some comment. It is news to me that Australians prefer British films, since I have found that the majority even fight shy of them—like Americans they have an intense hatred for the exaggerated Oxford drawl. Mr. Carr is right when he says that a lot of the British films are "gosh awful," but does he know that most film-goers here think the same thing? We are also well aware of the fact that most of the good performers in British films are snapped up by American studios and there are quite a large number of us who rejoice when this happens. We like to see a good star given a chance and, unfortunately, British studios have a habit of swamping them with bad stories, bad photography and generally bad management. Our complaint is that England cannot keep her big stars and make them assets to her industry. But we certainly aren't kicking because America has the common sense to get in first. Most of us know that it almost always means improvement for the star. Of course we boost British films where we can, but all the propaganda and advertising in the world isn't going to make us sit through bad films, as England is finding out. We are suite willing to do our share of the boosting, but we want good films and, believe me, we know good films when we see them!
($5.00 Letter)

DOROTHY H. RAY,
"Lochinvar" 46 Palace Street, Ashfield, Sydney, N. S. Wales, Australia.



"Thank you, George Arliss, for a very pleasant afternoon"



"Please, Mr. Movie Man, show me . . . lots of Helen Mack

A Nurse Protests

IF YOU are to believe all you see in the movies, you'll soon discover that the doctors and nurses and internes are just a merry bunch of kids who date each other up and make love to the patients. I'm only a registered nurse, but I'm blessed if I ever had the doctors treating me the way they do Bebe Daniels in *Registered Nurse.* Neither do I nor any of my fellow workers wear those soft, frilly, wispy underthings as shown by Barbara Stanwyck in *Night Nurse,* Joan Blondell in *Miss Pinkerton* and scores of other movie nurses. Heaven knows I *try* to wear as pretty ones as possible, but even "second bests" cost! And in *The Girl in 419* James Dunn seemed to be the only surgeon in the hospital, yet he had plenty of time to take nurses into private rooms and kiss them! And, I suppose, I ought to finish this by saying *Men in White* isn't an improvement either!
($5.00 Letter)

KAY BECKWITH,
6300 Fourteenth N. W., Seattle, Wash.


CLAUDETTE
COLBERT
in
Fannie Hurst's
Imitation of Life
Directed by
JOHN M. STAHL
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET"
and
"ONLY YESTERDAY"
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by

W. H. FAWCETT

Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

Shirley's Stand-In



Shirley Temple

PERHAPS THE MOST pleasant sensation of the year was the discovery of Shirley Temple's talents and her elevation from kid comedies to featured rôles. Winfield Sheehan, Fox executive, has jealously guarded Shirley to keep her the unspoiled child beloved of all fans—to prevent her becoming the all too familiar, insufferable spoiled movie prodigy.

Recently Shirley became aware of the fact that Gary Cooper had a stand-in and immediately demanded and received one for herself. We hope this is not a sign of budding temperament that will undo Sheehan's conscientious efforts. Such talent, sweetness and wholesomeness should be preserved at all costs.

Mary Brian made the mistake of boasting she has so many luncheon engagements that she has carried a five dollar bill in her purse a year without spending it. So the other day Ned Sparks and Phillips Holmes took her out to lunch and then calmly walked out, leaving her with the check! Justice will be done!

Doggy, Wot?



Donald Cook

GOING TO THE dogs in Hollywood should not be such an ordeal now that Donald Cook has opened his tony eatery for canines. The film capital has had hospitals, beauty shops and cemeteries for its pets, but not until now has there been a restaurant exclusively for them.

Cook has a fleet of delivery cars which will bring the tasty food right to the tables of filmdom's aristocratic pooches. If His Highness is overweight or for other reasons needs to diet, the proper foods will be supplied. Patrons may leave their hounds at the café, where they will have private booths and may gorge themselves on the choicest of canine victuals. Truly every dog has his day—at least in Hollywood!

Jimmy Starr records Wynne Gibson's latest smart come-back thus: Eddie Welch bounced up and greeted her like a long lost brother. "Say," he said, "I haven't seen you since we started in show business together on Broadway. You've certainly passed me!" "Yeah," flipped Wynne, "and I'm at a stand-still."

Fields Forgot



W. C. Fields

W. C. FIELDS is in a quandary. It is well known in Hollywood that the comedian has an extremely unreliable memory. Things he should do slip his mind too easily.

Recently he forgot to attend a large function at which many stars were present, although it was his duty to be there. The next day he wondered if he had been missed and just what the result of his failure to attend would be.

Imagine his surprise and perplexity when he received a sweet note from Marion Davies thanking him for attending and doing his part to make the affair a success! Which, Mr. Fields is convinced, is the height of something or other.

A number of Hollywood actors are inventors, too. Gary Cooper has invented a calibrating device and an adjustable stirrup. Charlie Ruggles has patented an automatic egg ejector (no foolin'). But Bill Fields is the most prolific. His prize is a combination desk, lounge, bar, phonograph, ice shaver, radio, cocktail mixer and aspirin tablet.

Best-Dressed?



Genevieve Tobin

GENEVIEVE TOBIN HAS been nominated by Irene Castle McLaughlin as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. The former dancer called her the logical successor to the late Lilyan Tashman as fashion dictator.

Discretion is the better part of valor, so we refrain from comment. We are perfectly willing to let the laurels rest on Genevieve's fair head, but deep in the heart of every woman in Hollywood lies the ambition to win this title, and we doubt that Irene's nomination will pass unchallenged. Who do you think should be named? Send your vote to HOLLYWOOD Magazine and we'll publish the returns.

They're telling this one on Director Frank Tuttle, whose Russian wife had a fellow countrywoman visiting her. Tuttle thought it would be sporting if only Russian were spoken at the table during her stay, and everything went fine until one meal he thought he asked for a spoon. The guest grinned, left the table and returned some minutes later leading a horse!

Death Wins



Dorothy Dell

DEATH HAS COMPLETED his cycle of three in Hollywood—Lilyan Tashman, Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell. Despite its love for Lilyan and Lew, the death of Dorothy in a tragic automobile accident stunned Hollywood most of all.

Facing stardom after only eight months in pictures, Dorothy had everything to live for. Death, however, had stalked her since childhood—since the age of three, when a dog viciously attacked her, down through the years of narrow escapes and freak accidents.

Taken at the age of twenty-four, when life was sweet and full of promise for her, Dorothy might well have been spared and a less worthy person taken.

Play Or Player?



Clark Gable

WE'VE BEEN IMPRESSED lately with a marked increase in the number of letters from readers which stress the importance of story as against star names in motion picture productions.

For years the novelty of speaking pictures and the fabulous glamour of screen personalities held the public interest despite poor stories and weak dialogue, but novelty and glamour have had their day and the industry is being shaken down to the one great fundamental expressed in Shakespeare's famous axiom, "The play's the thing."

The public will not pay to see just Clark Gable or just Greta Garbo any more. The stars are rapidly finding out that they cannot be greater than the stories in which they are presented.

Diana Wynyard and Jane Wyatt (left) are featured in **One More River**, *which is expected to be one of the most outstanding pictures of the current season. Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, who appear at the right with Miss Wyatt and Miss Wynyard, are other members of the splendid cast assembled for this noteworthy production of the John Galsworthy novel*

BEHIND THE SCENES ON

One More River

UNIVERSAL'S SUPERB PICTURIZATION OF THE FAMOUS GALSWORTHY NOVEL



Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton, well-known New York stage actor, in a chummy scene from the production

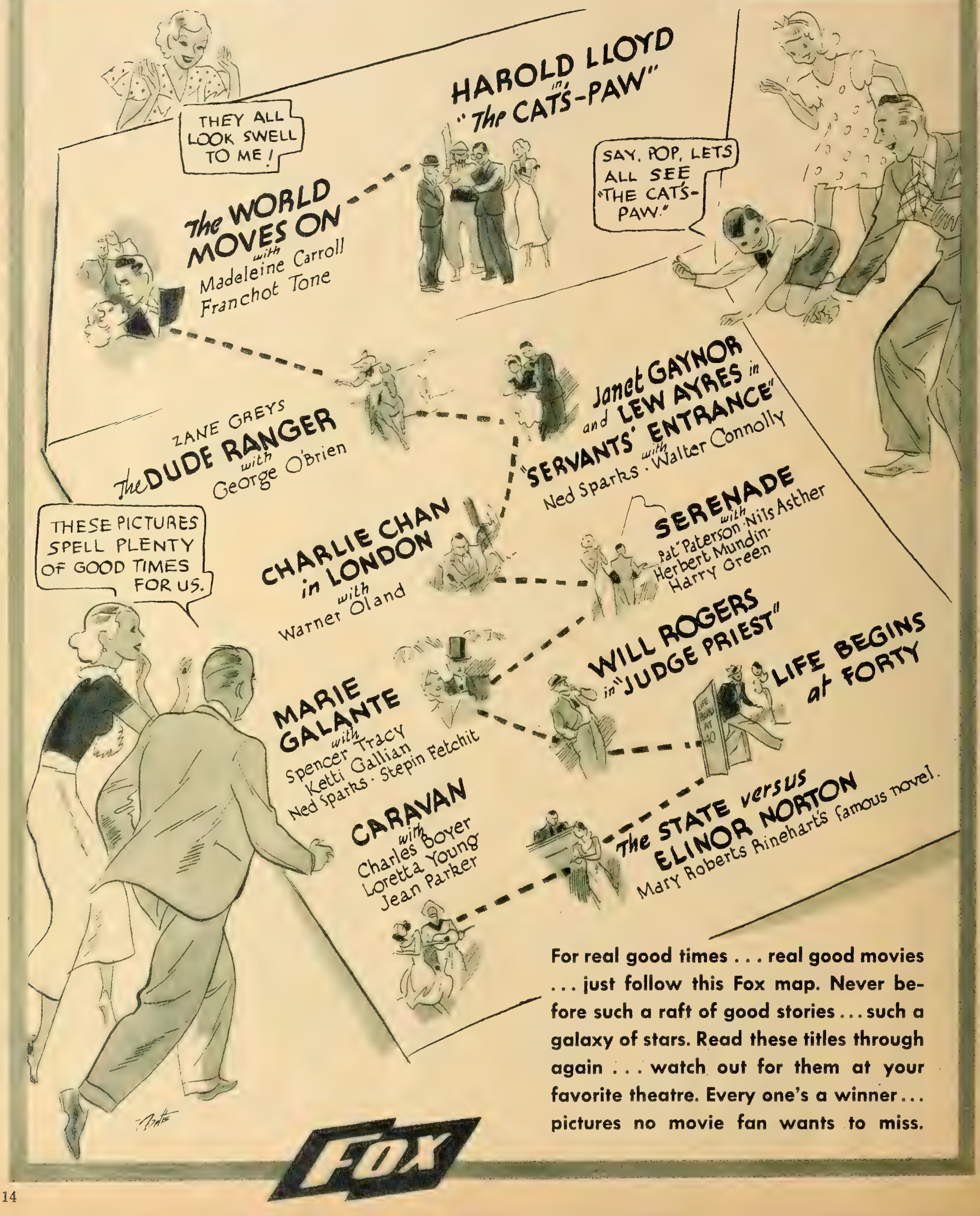


Reginald Denny and Jane Wyatt find romance in this appealing scene, a charming bit of byplay from the film



Jane Wyatt, who also has scored on the New York stage, is hailed as a real find by the studio that introduced Margaret Sullavan

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season



For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

FOX

Here's Looking at You!

Intimate camera glimpses of your favorite stars as seen by filmdom's master portrait artists



Ginger Rogers

● We'll take a second or third or any number of looks at slim waisted, adorable Ginger Rogers! She's the spice of any program and it is certain that *The Gay Divorce* will be many times gayer because she is featured in it

—*Hurrell*



Johnny Weissmuller

—Russell Bait

● And there's many a backward glance as Johnny (Whataman!) Weissmuller gets in the swim! Tarzan hasn't said much on the screen but his splendid physique does all the talking that's necessary as far as his fans care. You'll see him in *Tarzan and His Mate* and *Hollywood Party*



Grace Moore

—Schafer

● Here's a Grace note in the modern movie scale that's as easy on the eyes as it is on the ears. The famous opera prima donna's infectious charm and silvery-toned melodies are a feature of *One Night of Love* with Tullio Carminati and Lyle Talbot, one of the season's not-to-be-missed pictures



Heather Angel

—Jack Freulich

● Speaking of Angels, Heather is a living demonstration of a romantic young man's most cherished dream come true. Big things are planned for Heather at Universal, where she recently assumed an attractive contract, the first of which will be her appearance in *Romance in the Rain*



Constance Bennett

● If it isn't what she is doing it is what she is wearing that makes Connie Bennett the cynosure of all eyes at all times. You'll have a sample of both in *The Green Hat*, the new talkie version of the famous Michael Arlen novel, in which she wears this stunning frock of blister crêpe



Paul Muni

—Elmer Fryer

● Eyed covetously by all women who admire the ruggedness of virile manhood coupled with an irresistible romantic personality, Paul has also a histrionic talent surpassed by few. His latest is *Border Town*

Madeleine Carroll

● Hollywood men are no different from movie fans hither and yon the country over for they simply can't keep their eyes off Madeleine Carroll. Remember what a sensation she was in *I Was A Spy* with Herbert Marshall? It is anticipated her success will be even greater in *The World Moves On*

Dolores Del Rio Is Handicapped BY *Too Much Money!*

How Dolores Del Rio has had to fight relentlessly against a boon that became a curse!

by BEN MADDOX

TOO MUCH MONEY! That has been Dolores Del Rio's astounding drawback in Hollywood! Now that she again possesses a long-term starring contract which keeps her working regularly once more, she has to fight this extraordinary handicap of hers with even greater vigor.

If she ever relents, gives in to this nigh-unbelievable menace, her career is doomed. And Dolores wants so very much to go on!

Every star in pictures has had some sort of obstacle to overcome. Many have had to deliberately acquire a camera face, and gilding basicly average looks is no easy job. Drastic dieting has been the steady fate of some. Learning to wear clothes with a provocative air has been the task of others. Those who have sprung from unpretentious backgrounds wage a continuous struggle for a convincing veneer of elegance and culture. Since sound, the fine voice requirement has been a familiar stumbling-block.

But the case of Dolores Del Rio is absolutely unparalleled.

She has been remarkably successful in spite of never having known the need for money! If you will check carefully, the driving force which has spurred practically every other star on has been desire for the wealth which the films lavish on their topnotchers.

You have often read of ambitious girls and men being slowed down in Hollywood because they lacked funds. Have you ever heard of a movie actress being impeded by too much money? Yet this, nevertheless, is the only thing which has stood in the lovely Del Rio's path!

Dolores has been wealthy, both before she became famous and ever since. What would seem marvelous luck has, actually, hampered her.

● "As an actress--not personally, of course," she hastens to explain. "So far as my personal life is concerned, being well-to-do has enabled me to elude financial worries. Money has given me much hap-

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"As a factor in getting ahead in Hollywood having money has certainly been anything but helpful," says Dolores Del Rio. "Now I know the best training for an actress is hardship"

by JERRY LANE

I'd fight to hold my man! —Mae West



Two famous screen charmers answer a

"Any women can get any man these days. But she's got to be good to keep him," says Mae West



Mae West and John Mack Brown in a scene from* St. Louis Woman *in which she practices the wiles she recommends for real life

"IF HE'S NOT WORTH fighting for, he's not worth having!" Mae West put plenty of punch behind that statement. The West eyes blazed with the light of battle. And when they blaze. . . !

"Listen, baby, 'it ain't no sin' to wage a good stiff war to keep your man. There were more than 200,000 divorces last year in this country. And if half of those wives hadn't been weak-kneed they wouldn't be wandering widows now! Any woman can get any man these days. But she's got to be *good* to keep him—better than her grandmother was by several hundred hot-cha degrees!

"You see," went on Mae, warming up to her subject as only she can, "every man seems always at least potentially in circulation. That's his nature. If you've got an interesting or attractive husband you can expect to face daily competition and comparison. There are plenty of sweet young things ready to get an unhappy man adrift. So—*anchor him*! Here's the way of it—

"If a girl finds she's losing hold on her man—and we're taking for granted he's the guy she can't possibly live without—she shouldn't waste time sympathizing with herself. Or wondering what's the matter with the man. Or trying to argue him into behaving himself.

"Just let her ask herself: *What's the matter with me?* Why doesn't he love me as much as he used to? What have I done? What *haven't* I done that he's giving me the chill?

"If the girl is frank, she might find that she has fallen into the habit of treating the man like just another possession. Perhaps she is not making herself as attractive to him physically and mentally as she did when they lighted the torch. Maybe she's forgotten to be the playmate as well as the wife. *You can't be a spineless quitter if you want to hold your man!* You've got to understand his moods and know how to handle him when those moods are upon him. When he wants affection give it to him. When he doesn't, don't try to force it on the poor fellow. Anticipate his likes and dislikes so that you are continually captivating him with pleasant surprises. Men love surprises. They're a good deal like kids. When he expects a scolding, give him smiles.

"In short, try to make yourself so completely desirable, so utterly necessary to his well-being and fit into his life so charmingly that he'd rather go out and cut his throat than look at another girl.

"That all sounds like a pretty tough job, doesn't it? It is. But that is what fighting to hold your man consists of."

● Of course Mae wants it distinctly understood that she doesn't mean for a woman to bury her own personality and be entirely overshadowed by the man. On the contrary, the more she keeps herself an *individual*, the more he's apt to respect her.

This is one of the favorite West subjects. She has studied it out in many a drama of the sexes. A large

Please turn to page fifty-two

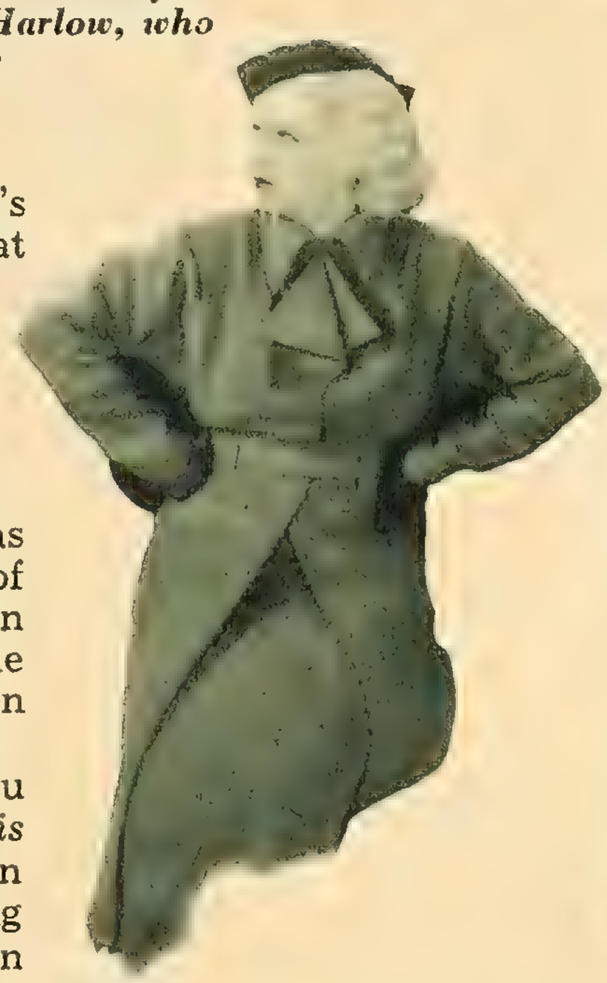


question of vital interest to every girl

"If he's not worth fighting for he's not worth having!"—Mae West
"If you have to struggle to hold a man's affection he isn't worth the effort!"—Jean Harlow



"You're defeating your own purpose when you think you have to fight to hold your man," says Jean Harlow, who is shown here with Franchot Tone



"I know I fight to hold my men on the screen," Jean Harlow says, "but you're placing too great a handicap on romance when you do this in real life"

"If You Have to struggle to hold a man's affection he isn't worth the effort!" That is how Jean Harlow summarizes it. Jean, who typifies all the freedom and independence of the new era. Who is as modern as tomorrow—and just as unpredictable.

Jean, at twenty-two, has been married three times. Mae West, at thirty-two, has never been married. Both are the kind of women men can't forget. Sensational screen sirens. Glamour girls who know all the answers—but they differ on this one. Listen to what Jean says:

"You're defeating your own end when you so much as think, *I have to fight to hold this man.* You're placing a terrific handicap on your romance. Because you are implying *doubt.* Doubt in your husband, doubt in yourself. No love can live under such conditions. If you enter into marriage with the idea that it's going to be an endurance contest and all other women are your opponents—well, you might as well say 'Good morning, judge!' right then and there.

"I know a girl who had that thought. Just before the wedding bells chimed a wiseacre aunt whispered to her, 'Now, Ann, my dear, *remember* Bill is your particular property. Don't let him out of your grasp for a minute.' And Ann didn't. If Bill came home tired and kissed her a little abstractedly it was a sure sign to her way of thinking that she was slipping in her looks. So she'd go out and get a new dress and an expensive facial.

"If he admired another girl's athletic ability or sophisticated wit or cute ways, Ann just knew he didn't love *her* any more. She'd sulk for a while. Then a day or two later she would do her best to pattern herself after that other girl. She judged everything from the am-I-fighting-hard-enough-to-hold-him? angle. It was something of a strain. Bill felt it. So did their marriage bond. Finally it broke.

"It was only then that Ann woke up. Someone said: 'Why don't you try being like you were when Bill fell in love with you? Don't work so hard at trying to fascinate him.' It was the soundest advice in the world. They're remarried now. And happy.

● "Why should a woman be different after marriage anyway? Why shouldn't she go right on being a man's sweetheart and treating him like she did when they were engaged? There's no need to take that terribly possessive air with him. He's a free individual. So are you. It's the worst mistake a woman can make to attempt to change herself into something she's not—or to attempt transforming her husband!

"A man falls in love with you because you have certain qualities. Don't alter them after the last of the rice has been thrown. Accentuate them. Do your utmost to make the type you are outstanding. To be definitely, clearly *yourself.* Your best self. Then if you fail, you can't have any regrets." Jean shrugged. There

Please turn to page fifty-two

I'M A GAY



—*Eugene Robert Richee*

Divorce, with its freedom and independence, is a swell idea, says Carole Lombard, but it never works out!



heh-



—*Russell Ball*

Carole Lombard misses now the protection William Powell gave her as her husband

IT HAS BEEN A LITTLE over a year now that I ceased being Mrs. William Powell and became Carole Lombard again.

In other words, for about thirteen months I have been supposedly as "free," "gay," and as "carefree" as only a Hollywood divorcée is cracked up to be. I have repeatedly stated I do not believe the average professional marriage in Hollywood can be a success. I haven't changed my mind. I still think Bill and I are better friends now because of our separation than we would have been in spite of our marriage. With our temperamental differences divorce was the only logical step for us. But speaking from months of experience I am not at all convinced that the life of a Hollywood divorcée is all it is publicized to be!

Women are funny creatures. Movie stars are even funnier. I suppose there is really no perfect state for a woman with a Hollywood career. Perhaps that is the reason why so many women stars try marriage . . . and finding it fails, try divorce . . . and finding *that* fails, try marriage again . . . and so on through several marital interludes. Speaking for myself, I have not reached the point where I would even consider another flyer into matrimony . . . but I am going to be very frank:

There are many delightful moments of companionship and sociability and good old-fashioned protection that I miss from marriage. And there are many supposedly exciting moments from my short life as a divorcée which I find boring and annoying.

● I suppose the fans have decided from the number of divorces in Hollywood, and the gala way they are conducted, that the legally free movie star tosses her hat in the air the minute her lawyer puts her interlocutory decree in her hands and says (at least, inwardly): "I am free! My life is my own again. I can come and go as I please . . . "

It is a swell idea if it would work. It doesn't!

The truth is, I had more actual freedom from gossip, from gossip writers and from kindly meaning friends when Bill and I were married than I have enjoyed for one moment as Carole Lombard ex-Powell. When I was married I frequently dined with friends when Bill was working nights at the studio, and perhaps there would be an extra man along. No one thought much about it. But let me dine now with the same friends and an unattached male in the party, and the next day I am surprised (and no doubt he is, too) to read we are the newest Hollywood love affair!

As Mrs. William Powell I could send an innocent wire of

DIVORCÉE

by Carole Lombard

as told to DOROTHY MANNERS

heh - heh

And Carole says it with a hollow laugh, for a Hollywood divorcée is far from happy!





OH BOY - A DIVORCÉE EH!

congratulation on a new contract, or an excellent stage or radio appearance to some actor I knew, and no notice was taken of it. The same message coming from Carole Lombard, divorcée, is described as "showering wires" upon the latest sensation of the screen, stage or radio! This sort of thing can become so embarrassing that I find I am going out in public less and less frequently.

There have been nights when I have actually *wanted* to go to the Cocoanut Grove, or one of the other dancing spots with some casual friend, and yet I have hesitated to do so because I knew we would be met by a battery of news cameramen all set up to shoot the "evidence" of our flaming love affair!

Last week I wanted to go to the mountains on a short rest vacation. I couldn't. One of my rumor-romances was vacationing there. So, instead, I went to the beach (and I'm heartily sick of it!) If this be freedom . . . make the most of it!

● And then there are your friends . . . not your intimate friends of course, they always understand . . . but that vast army of friendly acquaintances who insist upon "cheering you up!" I have discovered that as a married woman I was not nearly so

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Men treat a divorcee differently than they do a single girl, Carole Lombard has found

DA

WE'D LIKE



—Bert Longworth

First off we should like an introduction to luscious Jean Conners, whose comely charm would turn any man's head. But on the* Dames *set a man's head keeps turning and turning!

—Scotty Welbourne

We surrender weakly as these two pirate damosels, made-up for a colorful sequence in* Dames, *approach. And surrender is so easy to such beauty!

MEN TO KNOW

You'll soon see them in "Dames", the great new Warner musical



Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are the three principals of Dames, *which boasts an excellent supporting cast*





—*Scotty Welbourne*

And they say the life of a movie star is nothing but hard work—long, unexciting hours before the camera! Be that as it may, if Mr. Guy Kibbee will kindly step out of line we'll fall right into line and fill his job any day!

—*Bert Longworth*

Here's a number to put in the book if we can find someone who knows her and Adele Lacy will give it to us! If this gorgeous member of the chorus of* Dames *does give it to us we think we'll throw all our other numbers away!



With the NEWS

Sparkling, authentic notes concerning doings of the stars at work and at play presented by our star reporter

by HAL E. WOOD

Roger Gets a Thrill

THERE Is a broad contrast between reel and real-life kisses, if you can believe Roger Pryor.

For six weeks, Mae West had been kissing Roger before the lenses for *It Ain't No Sin.* Then came the final fade-out and the disbanding of the company—the latter an off-stage ceremony featured by Mae's move in planting a hearty smacker on her screen lover's lips.

"I'll say that good-bye osculation was different!" Roger admitted.

Who's Who With Mae!

MAE WEST has Filmtown guessing in the matter of her current heart throb.

Reports were that Jack Durante had succeeded Jim Timony in Mae's affections, then Murray Fiel came out from New York and the villagers had cause to question their earlier judgment. But the other fight night, Mae strode down to her ringside seat on the arm of Timony, and next evening she dined out in the company of all three—Durante, Fiel and Timony.

Fate's Cruel Blows

HOLLYWOOD WAS still mourning the sudden death of beloved Lew Cody when extras heralded the news that beautiful young Dorothy Dell had met a tragic end in an automobile crash.

Dorothy, the nineteen-year-old lass who scrimped to buy the $2.98 bathing suit in which she won the title of *Miss Universe,* stood out in the van of the current crop of new film beauties. Her vast store of dramatic ability had carried her to stardom's gates with bewildering speed.

Dr. Carl Wagner, who was piloting the car at the time of the crash and whose demise followed Dorothy's by a few hours, was the actress' hero, due to the fact that only two months earlier he had carried Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Lillian Goff, through an almost fatal siege of pneumonia.

—Bert Longworth

***Virginia Pine, Chicago heiress, takes time off from the studio to woo the wild waves at the beach. Her latest picture is* Dames**

Had Collected Bonus

ONLY a week before her tragic end, B. P. Schulberg of the Paramount organization was looking all over Hollywood for Dorothy to present her with a $2,500 bonus in appreciation of her outstanding portrayal in his *Little Miss Marker.*

On the very day Schulberg launched his search, Dorothy had set out for a trip to San Francisco in her inconspicuous little roadster. The jaunt was her idea of a rest from her strenuous labors in Paramount's *Shoot the Works,* in which she had just completed the lead opposite Ben Bernie.

May Re-make Picture

PARAMOUNT executives were given serious consideration to the question of re-shooting all scenes in *Shoot the Works* that included the late Lew Cody when word of Dorothy's death reached them. Lew had a featured spot in the production. Two days before the tragedy, Dorothy had confided to her intimates:

"Lil Tashman died, then Lew Cody. Deaths always come in threes. I wonder who'll be the next!"

Hubby Makes Good

MR. EUGENE FRENCKE, Anna Sten's legal mate, is a versatile fellow.

Finding time heavy on his hands while wifey was working day and night on *Nana,* Frencke induced Sam Goldwyn, Anna's producer, to finance him in making an independent picture. He wrote, directed and cut *The Girl in the Case.*

The film drew such raves from eastern audiences that Universal immediately contracted with him to produce another.

Players Get Break

AFTER SEEING Dr. Frencke's experiment, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, famed authors turned producers, signed Jimmy Salvo, star of the Frencke opus, to a five-year contract, while Universal grabbed Dorothy Darling, college lead in the Doc's film, on a long-termer.

Joan No Hi-Hat!

JOAN CRAWFORD is going to open her backyard theatre to the public just as soon as she perfects her own stage technique.

SLEUTH





The screen star had been considerably burned by charges of ritziness hurled at her since she launched her footlight experiment before invitational audiences.

"I feel that I'm not yet ready to launch myself upon the stage," she explained. "It is a new medium for me, and I need a great deal of training. When I am ready, the doors of my private theatre will be thrown open. Meanwhile, the friends I have chosen to invite have been selected because I know I can depend upon them for loyalty and honest criticism."

Chief among Joan's select circle of spectators have been Franchot Tone and Lynn Riggs, playwright.

Franchot Stock Soars

JOAN CRAWFORD faces another heartache over the boy friend, Franchot Tone.

Joan, 'tis reported, was considerably upset when Metro assigned her favorite to emote opposite Jean Harlow. Then she gave beautiful Madeleine Carroll the icey nod when Fox borrowed Franchot for Madeleine's first American talkie.

And now, making matters still worse for Joan, Warner's have been successful in borrowing Franchot for the principal male rôle in *Oil Lamps of China.*

Alice Visits Rudy

THE minute Alice Faye completed her most recent Fox rôle, she dashed for New York—and Rudy Vallée. The blonde star will forget her talkie career for the next two months while she busies herself with real-life romance.

Rudy would have spent the summer in California with Alice had it not been for Fay Webb's annoying divorce action, still pending in the Los Angeles courts.

Incidentally, Fay's legal campaign against the radio star caused him to reject Warner Brothers' offer of the stellar rôle in *Sweet Music,* a yarn based on the life of a radio crooner.

Reconciliation Nears?

KEN MURRAY is a most dejected fellow these days, what with the girl friend, Sue Carol, floating about the late spots on the arm of hubby Nick Stuart.

Only a few months back, while Ken was negotiating with his estranged frau for the decree that has since brought him marital freedom, Sue was tearing hither and yon with him, picking out furnishings for his new abode, and everyone thought she would Reno it ere this.

Now her intimates are telling that there's a mighty good chance of Sue and Nick patching up their differences, and again trying the double harness.

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

Last minute telegraphic news

Foreign Affairs

GEORGE ARLISS' annual sojourn in England this year is anything but a vacation . . . the veteran star is portraying the title rôle in *Wellington* for British-Gaumont, and he's drawing the heaviest salary ever paid a film actor over there . . . Felix Ferry, one of Europe's most amazing theatrical producers, is trying to snag June Knight for his forthcoming musical production behind the Monte Carlo footlights . . . When Hollywood appeared to have lost interest in Laura LaPlante, the blonde star hied herself to London . . . Warners' English studio cast her in *The Church Mouse,* and she was such a hit, they've signed her for two more pictures before she goes to British International under a long-termer . . . Joe E. Brown and the Mrs. are back from their tour of the South Sea Islands and the Orient . . . playing baseball with the Japs was his biggest thrill . . . A pal of Chic Chandler's over in Italy has sent him an Italian queen bee . . . Chic raises bees as a pastime . . . A Paris plastic surgeon has offered to make over Edna May Oliver's face for a mere $10,000 . . . but Edna wrote back that her countenance was her fortune, and that she wouldn't part with it for a $1,000,000 check . . . Genevieve Tobin is in London for a rest, but she may combine business with pleasure and do a talkie . . . Constance Cummings and hubby Benn Levy are building a costly mansion in Chelsea, a London suburb . . . in fact, they had an American architect draw the plans for a Colonial home in England! . . . Evelyn Laye will leave London for Hollywood in October . . . and when she arrives, she will go into *On Your Toes,* a Metro musical.

National

MAE MURRAY is doing a Broadway comeback via *The Milky Way,* having replaced Gladys



—Max Munn Autrey

Drue Leyton, lovely screen newcomer, will be seen in* Charlie Chan's Courage *and* The World Moves On. *The shell-pink transparent velvet negligée is in her personal wardrobe

With the NEWS SLEUTH

Gossip and facts concerning your favorites direct from Filmland

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

George in the feminine lead . . . Andy Devine journeyed down to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was selected as King of Cotton at the annual Mississippi Valley festival . . . Harold Lloyd cut short his New York business trip to get back to Hollywood for the Shrine Dunbar . . . Mona Rica, Mexican actress, who admires President Rodriguez of her native land, but thinks Franklin D. Roosevelt "one grand senor," has filed declaration of intention of seeking American citizenship . . . Sally Eilers and hubby Harry Joe Brown finally reached Honolulu . . . but they'll be back in Hollywood in time to welcome the stork . . . Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson boated it through the Canal on their current trip to New York.

Romance

DOROTHY GRANGER and George A. Lollier had filed their application for a marriage license before Dot's mother got hold of her and talked her into waiting another year . . . so George buried his grief in a trip to Europe . . . Miriam Hopkins has eyes only for Harold Pickering these days . . . and nights . . . Toby Wing has returned that sapphire to Junior Laemmle in order to wear the solitaire given her by Eddie Hillman, Marian Nixon's ex . . . Gene Raymond seems to have forgotten our own Janet Gaynor in his enthusiasm for a New York debbie . . . Jay Henry and Gail Patrick are stepping . . . The interest that lies between Barry Norton and Alice Terry, Rex Ingram's wife, grows apace . . . Raul Roulien is going places with Conchita Montenegro . . . Maxine Jones, Buck's sixteen year-old daughter, and Noah Beery, Jr., aged nineteen, are in love and can't help blushing over the fact . . . Charlie Murray took an attractive girl to Coronado Beach for a recent week-end, it being their twenty-eighth annual honeymoon . . . John Blakely of the New York social register is squiring Betty Furness . . . The Prince Serge Mdivani-Dorothy Dunbar (ex-Mrs. Max Baer) affair has reached a point where he is giving her polo ponies . . . Joe Schenck is seen everywhere with the dancing Grace Poggi, but he denies they're already wed . . . Arthur Lake is beauing Kay Toberman, the social deb who recently returned Monroe Owslev's engagement ring . . . Esther Ralston and William Morgan are mooning . . . Matty Kemp and Shirley Grey are very, very near the altar . . .

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—*Roy D. MacLean*

Lois January is appearing in* Loves of a Sailor *with Chester Morris, which isn't at all difficult to understand. Anybody surely could love her

Kay to Do Europe

KAY FRANCIS set sail for Italy immediately after completing her task opposite Leslie Howard in *British Agent*, and you can expect an announcement that Maurice Chevalier is Europe-bound any day now.

What began as a casual friendship—two lonely stars seeking companionship—has blossomed into a real romance. They're seen everywhere together these days—and evenings.

Marches Adopt Boy

THE FREDRIC MARCHES have adopted a second orphan, bestowing upon him the monicker of "Anthony." To the proud foster-parents, however, the newcomer will be known as plain Tony.

Ruth Etting Back

GOLDEN-VOICED Ruth Etting is back in Hollywood, this time to make a series of short musicals for RKO-Radio.

The healthy pay-checks Ruth garners for her efforts will go toward the restoration of the family farm near David City, Iowa. En Route to Talkietown from New York, Ruth stopped off at the old homestead long enough to set carpenters at work building a new barn and repairing the hog pens.

Ruth has assumed active management of the place, and she's throwing out the mechanical equipment in favor of a dozen new hands.

"Farming has become too mechanized," she declared. "Machines have cut down the demand for human labor, which is one of our real problems right now. I'm going to operate the place along the old lines with men and horses instead of with machines."

Marriage for Phillips?

FLORENCE RICE has arrived in the film colony to begin her talkie career, and Phillips Holmes is Oh, so happy!

When the daughter of the noted sports writer, Grantland Rice, alighted from a transcontinental plane the other dawning, she was greeted with a hearty embrace and a noisy kiss from Phillips, all of which served to revive rumors that wedding bells are being readied for this pair.

Florence, ex-mate of Sidney Smith, deserted her rôle in Broadway's *She Loves Me Not* to accept a Columbia contract.

Fishing Is Costly

A FISH-HOOK was responsible for John Barrymore's recent hospital sojourn.

On a trip into Alaskan waters aboard his elaborate yacht, John pricked a finger while baiting his line. Fever laid him low after he reached the home port. Medicos traced his high temperature to the hand infection.

La George Arrives

GLADYS GEORGE is in town for her initial talkie rôle, which will be in Metro's *Dolly*. The Broadway actress who scored such a hit in the flop footlight production of *Queer People* is the bride of Edward Fowler, multi-millionaire paper manufacturer of Holyoke, Mass. They have found a great happiness, Gladys will tell you, through living under the Fannie Hurst matrimonial code.

They're Writing Checks

THE bank accounts of Joan Crawford and William Powell received severe set-backs the other day when William Haines, who deserted the kleigs for interior decorating, returned after six months in Europe, where he busied himself picking up knick-knacks for the Crawford and Powell abodes.

Will Goes Visiting?

METRO INTENDS to do right by Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wildnerness,* financially speaking. Clarence Brown, the studio's highest-salaried director, has been assigned to megaphone the piece, and now Brown is negotiating with Fox for the loan of Will Rogers for the same rôle he portrayed on the Hollywood stage. If the deal goes through—and there's every likelihood of it—it will be the Oklahoma philosopher's first vehicle off the home lot.

Jolson Goes Dramatic

AL JOLSON, who won fame and fortune as a mammy shouter, is going in for bigger and better things. Because of Al's smash hit in the rôle of Pancho Villa in the etherization of *Viva Villa*, his radio sponsors now are buying up the air rights to such dramas as *The Hairy Ape* and *The Valiant* for Jolson to microphone. All of which brought out Al's secret ambition. It is to do Hamlet on the silversheet!

Diana Takes Spill

DIANA WYNYARD has been in the saddle since childhood, but it took a California nag to toss her for a Prince of Wales loop. The English star limped onto Universal's *One More River* t'other morning, her torso bruised and aching. Her unpremeditated exhibition of the previous day gave her Beverly neighbors quite a thrill, for it occurred on the bridle path that runs through the center of busy Beverly Boulevard.

Dot Jordan Home

DOROTHY JORDAN and her newborn, Mary Caroline Cooper, have arrived from Honolulu, where the stork delivered Mary. Dorothy, however, will not resume her histrionic career for several months because she and hubby Merian Cooper, RKO-Radio head, are leaving shortly for Italy, where Cooper will supervise the shooting of exteriors for his production of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Mary Caroline will be left behind in care of her nurse.

Colleen's Doll House

THE DOLL HOUSE that Colleen Moore has had under construction for six years will shortly be completed, and Colleen will send it off on a tour of the United States, exhibition proceeds to go to aid hospitals for crippled children.

The Lilliputian castle, which cost more than $50,000 to build, is complete in every detail, including workable water and lighting systems, electric refrigerators and every other convenience.

One Wife at a Time!

IT WOULD seem that persistent reports of approaching marriage for Bert Wheeler and Patsy Parker are a bit premature. Bernice Speer is still Bert's legal mate, although they've been separated for more than two years.



Twenty years ago Adolphe Menjou was an extra in The Man Behind the Door *which starred Alice Lake. Now she has a bit in* The Great Flirtation *which stars him*

Eric Dons Makeup

ERIC VON STROHEIM, for whom the Fates have seldom smiled in recent months, is coming back to the screen as an actor. The eratic thespian-director will portray an Austrian army officer in Invincible's *The House of Strangers.*

Henry Walks Again

HENRY WILCOXON has tossed aside the cane on which he has been hobbling for several weeks. The English actor, imported for De Mille's *Cleopatra*, was seriously stabbed in the knee during filming of the feature. The knife was one of those trick things supposed to break with the slightest impact—but this one fooled its inventor.

Mexico Likes Wally

WALLACE BEERY made such a hit with the residents of Mexico City during his *Viva Villa* location sojourn there, that

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—*Bert Longworth*

Genevieve Tobin is another Hollywood star who knows how to make the best of a glorious day at the beach. She left for a European trip after filming Kiss and Make Up

DOES A SINISTER *Nazi Doom* MENACE BERGNER

All Europe is discussing the strange peril that endangers Elizabeth Bergner's life and career!



Elizabeth Bergner was a popular Austrian star before Catherine the Great *won her a Hollywood contract. She defied Hitler and dread experiences followed!*

by VAL GUEST

(Special London Correspondent)

One Night Recently London doctors were again called to the bedside of the little Austrian star who is shortly to make a film in Hollywood—Elizabeth Bergner. A week before she was carried from the stage of the Apollo Theatre where she had collapsed during the performance of her play *Escape Me Never.*

Her sensational collapse has set all Europe talking. Was this incredibly beautiful woman poisoned by Nazis for her contempt of Herr Hitler's orders? Europe says "yes." Her physician denied it on the telephone.

"Miss Bergner is suffering from a bad attack of insomnia," he said.

"But people don't collapse from insomnia—" I began when I was cut off.

I sought out the star's husband, Paul Czinner, who has directed all her films and was responsible for *Catherine the Great.*

"Yes, it is poison," he admitted. "Miss Bergner and I ate something or other yesterday which disagreed with us and we have both been affected. But to say that we have been deliberately poisoned is ridiculous."

When I had made a few inquiries I began to wonder if it *was* so ridiculous after all. Here is the unabridged story —a story that the press over here dares not print.

● Elizabeth Bergner is truly a great actress. She has the simplicity of a Gish—that curiously featureless, arresting face which can be transformed in a second with passionate anger or wistful impudence—she is the Dusé of our time.

When Hitler began his campaign against the Jewish artists in the entertainment world of Germany, Bergner left the country immediately and vowed never to return. She had made a few films on the Continent and Alexander Korda, ever watchful for these opportunities, approached her with an offer to make *Catherine* at Elstree.

At first Bergner was doubtful. Films did not appeal to her. Her début in pictures had been an epic called *Nju* with Emil Jannings and Conrad Veidt. When they showed her the rushes of this film she sat, holding her husband's hand, until the last picture had faded off the screen. Then she ran out of the studio, tears streaming down her face, and wandered around Berlin all day in full make-up.

That is Elizabeth Bergner. Almost childlike in her temperaments, it took the combined efforts of Jannings, Veidt and Paul Czinner to convince her that she was going to be a sensation in the new medium.

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I'm a Mug and Proud of It!

Spencer Tracy reveals a fascinating philosophy of life as he tells why he wants to go on being a man among men

By RICHARD T. ENGLISH



"I like being a mug," says Spencer Tracy. "It is something I know something about, being just an average guy. If you can do a part well enough for some kid to say 'I'd like to be like him' then you're serving your purpose"

Fans And Stars alike have dubbed Spencer Tracy a "mug" and no praise could be sweeter to that gentleman's ears. While other stars have been awarded titles from "the greatest profile" to that of "the greatest lover of them all" Spence goes his serene way, "just a mug" and proud of it!

Spencer lolled in a chair as we talked of his strange appellation.

"You know, that name is right down my alley," he said. "Practically every good part I've had is that of just an average guy. And what more could I ask? This arty business of costume rôles and great lovers isn't for me—and don't I know it! Most guys don't realize it but the best parts of them all, in my estimation, are those of the average man. A fellow that's making thirty bucks a week, living in a little flat with the wife and kids, He's the man that knows the most about real life—the average tragedies, average joys and experiences that color existence.

"People seem to think that you learn about acting from dramatic schools and because one has artistic tendencies. But they don't mean a thing! Sure, schools and natural abilities aid you, but the payoff is through observation of common folks. Today the stage and pictures are going in for realism; illusion has been discarded in favor of scenes from everyday life in that of any home. People change—just as you and I change—and as life becomes different the stage reflects what is going on in the world. I'm darned fortunate that the business *has* changed. Can you imagine me trying to do one of those lavender and old lace parts? You can't!"

His feet came off the desk with a bang. Hunching over in his chair Spencer's voice dropped to a confidential tone.

"You know what I'd tell him if a kid asked me the best way today to prepare for a motion picture career? I'd tell him to go to work in a foundry, a shop or a lumber yard—any place where he'd meet real people and could study them and try to emulate them! Because when you come down to it they're the people that make the world go round.

"The guy working for his dough, supporting his family and buying a little car has more color in his life than a dozen millionaires. And simply because he's living a down to earth life. Taking care of his own instead of supporting some yachting club!

"I used to work in a lumber yard in Milwaukee. I started for two bucks and a half a week, piling lumber after school. In two years I had had about every sort of a job, including driving the kindling wagon. I was about sixteen then; a good age to retain impressions and I had a good peek at what life really means. A guy's either on the level or he isn't; he's either O. K. or a washout. Pat O'Brien worked there, too—and he's playing mugs today.

"When you've the part of an average Joe you're really drawing on your memory of some real man you know, whether in a foundry or a lumber yard. I've often had chances to do other kinds of rôles but I want no part of them! My only idea is to play parts the average person understands and appreciates. If you can do a part like that well enough for some kid to say 'I'd like to be like him' then you're serving your purpose."

● Spence stopped, suddenly abashed at having been so outspoken and I grinned as my memory tallied off comparisons of Spencer Tracy, screen star, and Spencer Tracy,

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They Thought She Was *Dillinger's Girl!*

But it turned out she was Binnie Barnes, the newest English screen sensation!

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"And They Thought I was Dillinger's moll!" Binnie Barnes, the English girl Universal has imported for an important rôle in *There's Always Tomorrow,* smiled at me across the luncheon table.

"Of course I had read of American gangsters, but imagine the thrill of being stopped by the police, within a few minutes after I got off the boat and suspected of being Dillinger's girl friend, just because I had red hair! Me for America!"

Listening to her low, pleasant, cultivated voice, I wondered how anyone, except a policeman, could mistake her for a gangster's moll, for Binnie Barnes is one of the most accomplished and talented of Hollywood's importations, every inch a lady but not conscious of it. She had been in Hollywood less than three weeks and she was already more American than British.

● Binnie's professional career began on the night she appeared on the stage of a London music hall. It was try-out night, when the amateur talent was given the opportunity to show its wares, success or failure depending upon the applause of the cat-calls of the rough-and-tumble cockney audience.

"I thought my outfit was simply the last word that night," she laughs at the recollection, "but looking back, it must have been awful. I wore a wide picture hat, a long flowing dress trimmed with a profusion of feathers and a pair of run down high heeled shoes."

With all the assurance of a veteran, she advanced to the center of the stage and lifted her voice in song.

"I'm looking at the world through rose-colored glasses."

"Well blarst hit lyde, we're not," roared a cockney voice from the gallery, "tyke her off!"

But Binnie sang serenely on and followed her song with a dance.

"As I danced," she relates, "my dress began

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As they say in Hollywood, Binnie Barnes "has something." There are more beautiful girls, but she has brains and personality plus. Remember her in* The Private Life of Henry VIII *as* Katheryn Howard? *Now she's making* There's Always Tomorrow *for Universal



LOVE IS LIFE TO

Otto Kruger

(His signature)



And that's why Otto Kruger is the screen's latest romantic rave

by CLARK WARREN

Otto Kruger is a man of impulses and, unlike most of us, he follows them. He proposed to his wife on the first night that he met her. He has been married for fifteen years and during that time he has been in love hundreds of times. He admits it. He falls in love with every leading woman with whom he plays.

"I couldn't live without being in love," he explains. "My wife knows all about it and she understands. Love is life itself to me."

He admits that he has been in love with so many women that he can't begin to remember all their names. And he is sincere about it. His love-making is a very real thing to him. He showers the lady of his immediate passion with candy, flowers and attentions. And his wife understands, that's the amazing part of it.

"I was out here alone in Hollywood for nine months. My wife and little daughter were in New York. I wrote and told her that this is no town for a wife. It's a man's town. Wives are beaten before they start in Hollywood. They haven't a chance. To prove it to my wife, I took her to the studio. I showed her hundreds of alluring chorus girls in scanty garments. I told her to believe everything she hears about me for it will probably be true. You see, my wife and I, when we were married, agreed upon something we call our twenty-five year plan. Part of it was complete freedom for each other. We've followed it out, so far, with considerable success and it's the best defense against Hollywood I know."

When Otto was informed that he was to be groomed for romantic leads, he hit the ceiling. He didn't want to be a great screen lover. He had been one of Broadway's leading character actors for fifteen years and he felt that the brand of having sex appeal, which the movies wanted to tack on to him, was a brand of shame. It made him look like a sissy.

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Star

Candid camera shots of film famous in and out of the studios and news oddities



Mae West has lost five pounds since she came to Hollywood two years ago but she is still an attractive girl for the shape she's in—as you'll see in St. Louis Woman



An exclusive snap of Melinda, Joan Bennett's (Mrs. Gene Markey) new baby daughter. Melinda bears a striking resemblance to her daddy



Irene Hervey makes sure that the baby leopard on the Metro lot gets enough to eat and at the proper time as all infants should



Maurice Chevalier was in a happy mood this day when the candid cameraman snapped him as he was going to his dressing room to make up for his rôle in The Merry Widow

Gazing





Stuart Erwin and Maureen O'Sullivan stop to chat for a moment with a studio attache in front of the commissary. Stu will be seen in Chained, *and Maureen in* The Barretts of Wimpole Street

←

—*John Miehle*

Phyllis Barry finds a game of shuffleboard a diversion between scenes of Where Sinners Meet

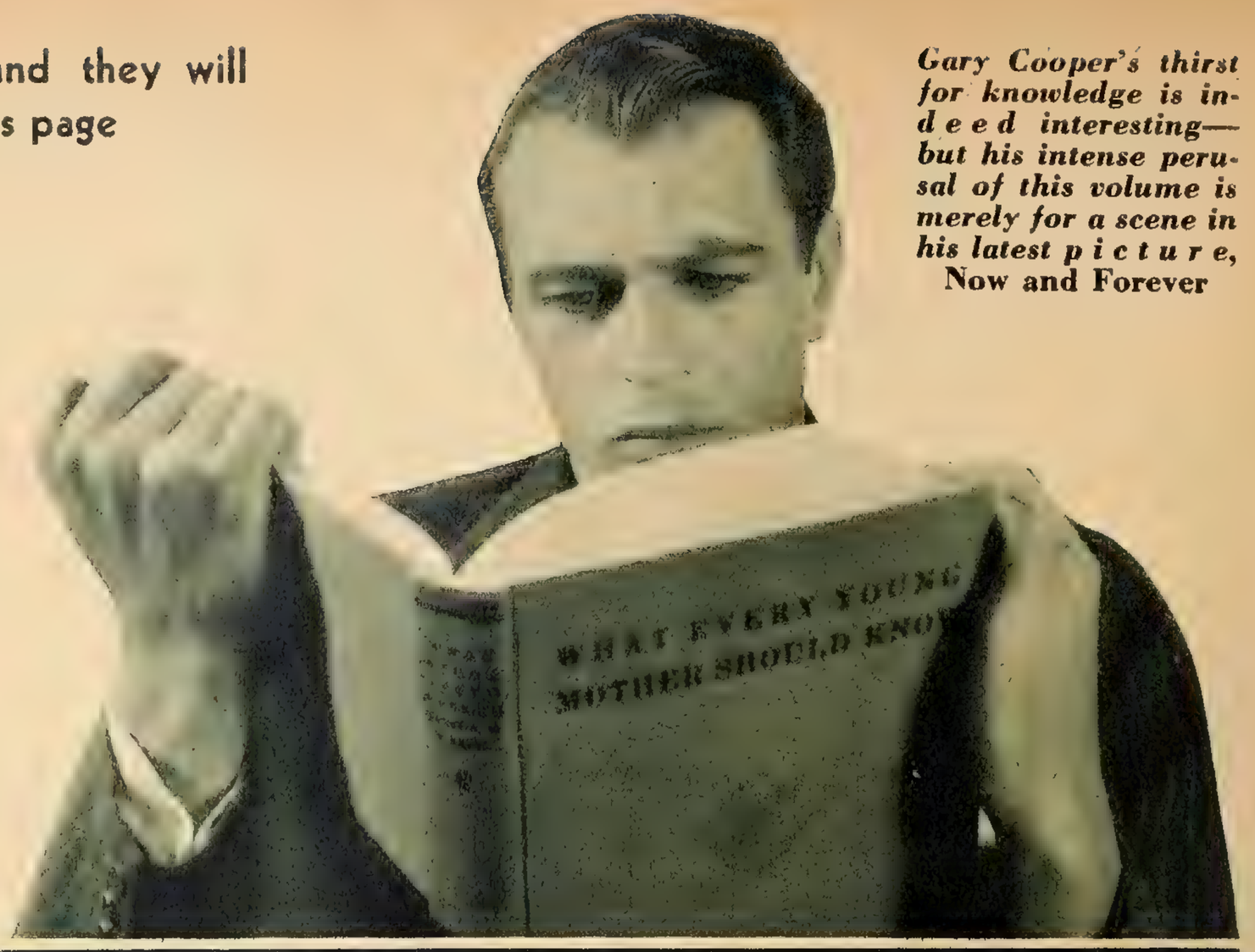


You'll see Jack Lawrence Jones, Jr. in A Blasted Event, *an* Average Man *comedy and if he has his way you'll see a lot more of him because he hopes to give Baby LeRoy some stiff competition*



Jean Harlow was snapped in this fetching swim suit as she sun-bathed on the edge of her swimming pool during a day off from filming Born to be Kissed

Ask the stars your pet questions and they will personally answer them on this page



Gary Cooper's thirst for knowledge is indeed interesting—but his intense perusal of this volume is merely for a scene in his latest picture, **Now and Forever**

Cross Examining the Stars

RONALD COLMAN: Where were you born and when? What is your last picture? What is your hobby?

I was born in Richmond, England, February 9, 1891. Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back *is the last picture I have made. I think my favorite hobbies are tennis and traveling on the sea.*

KATHARINE HEPBURN: What are your hobbies? What is your birthday? What is your address? What are you going to play in next?

My hobbies are tennis, swimming, and golf—and of course acting! My birthday is November 8th. My next picture will be J. M. Barrie's Little Minister.

ELISSA LANDI: Are you really an Italian because you have an Italian name? Where and when were you born?

No, I am not Italian. I am Austrian by birth, but I was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1909.

WARNER BAXTER: You and John Boles look alike. Are you related? Who is the oldest, the tallest? What state did you come from and are you married or single?

John Boles and I first met in pictures and we are not related. I am the eldest and he is the taller. My native state is Ohio, and I am married to a very charming young woman to whom I hope tc remain married as long as I live!

ZASU PITTS: When and where were you born? Are you married? Do you feel as helpless as you look?

I was born January 3, 1900, in Parson, Kansas. Yes, I am married. He is a broker and exceedingly nice! I have always been shy and more or less helpless—but perhaps not as helpless as I look!

JEAN PARKER: What is your favorite sport? What city and state were you born in? Are you married? How old are you?

I like walking, swimming, and to watch football. I was born in Deer Springs, Montana. No, I'm not married and I'm not at all sure I'm going to be now that I am in pictures. They do not seem to mix very well. I am eighteen years old.

CLARA BOW: What makes a girl attractive to boys?

I wonder if there is any formula for being attractive to boys? If there is, I think it would include being ready to do anything he wants to do, being a good, understanding pal, a sympathetic listener, being peppy, good humored and keeping your sense of humor sharpened.

GINGER ROGERS: How old are you? What is your real name? What color hair have you? How tall are you and how much do you weigh?

I am twenty-three years old. My real name is Virginia Rogers. I have golden red hair. I am five feet, four inches tall and I weigh 108 pounds.

FRANCES DEE: How tall are you? How much do you weigh? What color hair and eyes have you? Do you think your marriage to Joel McCrea will be a happy one in spite of Hollywood? If so, why?

I am five feet, three inches tall. I weigh 108 pounds. I have blue eyes and brown hair. I certainly do think my marriage to Joel McCrea will be a happy one, because we refuse to let Hollywood into our lives after we leave the studio. We enjoy the same things—and they have nothing to do with Hollywood—and we are very sincerely and deeply in love. Our married happiness comes before career, fame, money and all else—that's why I think our marriage will be a success.

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Mail this Coupon

The Question Editor,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
6605 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, California.

I should like to ask.....

the following question.....

.....

My name is.....

Address .....

It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOAN CRAWFORD

J. Eugene Chrisman speaks to Joan on behalf of her fans! Watch for her reply next month



Dear Joan,

THE GOSSIPS are at it again. They just won't let you alone, will they Joan? I remember when they were calling you a hey-hey girl whose only ambition was to make whoopee and win dancing cups. They said that you couldn't go far on the screen because you were too flighty and too intent on having fun. But you fooled them. I also remember what they said when you married Douglas. You were a social climber then, an obscure girl who had tossed your loop around the neck of the Crown Prince of Picturedom to advance your own social position and your career. Then again, when you divorced Douglas, the harpies of the press pounced upon you again. They have always pounced upon you Joan and now they are descending again.

They are printing stories that you have gone *arty.* They are saying that you are no longer the old down-to-earth Joan and that you want to be another Dusé. They are saying that you have gone high-brow and that Franchot Tone, Frances Lederer and others are a bad influence in your life. They are laughing at your ambitions for the stage and tossing brickbats through the windows of your Little Theatre. They are saying that you are foolishly jealous of Franchot, that you deeply resented his love scenes with Jean Harlow and with Madeleine Carroll. They have criticized the manner in which you have been using your lip stick and all in all Joan, they have been picking you pretty well to pieces.

All of which wouldn't matter, Joan dear, except that your fans are beginning to wonder if these things are true. Letters by the hundreds are coming to my desk. They ask me to tell them the truth. They can't believe these things but they want to know. I'm writing this to ask you if you won't tell them.

● You and I have been friends for a long, long time, Joan. I knew you when you were Lucille LeSeur. I've watched your progress through the years, admired you and respected you more than any other woman I have known. Once you did me a favor about which only you and I and one or two others know for you were never one to make your good deeds public. A great critic recently said, after praising your work in *Sadie McKee,* that you could become the foremost lady of the screen. I agree with him Joan and that's another reason why I'm writing this letter. I don't want you to fail to do it.

But Joan I must scold you a little bit. Recently while talking to a publicity man on the set, you went into a tantrum about these things which the gossips are printing about you. You said that because you study music they charge that you are forsaking the common things. Because you read good books they scream that you are taking on culture and because you built a Little Theatre that you are going in for long-haired theatricalism. You resented their criticisms of your make-up and the way you outline your lips, saying that it is your face

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CLARK GABLE REPLIES TO J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

To tell him he'll always be a mulligan eater at heart!

Dear Gene,

WHAT A PAL *you* are! Anyhow, thanks for the kick in the pants. Perhaps I needed it. I just finished reading your open letter to me, in the August issue of HOLLYWOOD and if talk like that is going around, you can tell the world I want to answer it.

You ask if I'm going high-hat. My answer is, No!

You ask if I'm going *social,* if I've traded my turtle-neck sweaters for a tuxedo. *No again!* I'd rather climb into a leather jacket and a pair of hiking boots and tear out to Arizona in my Ford after deer or cougar than to go to a Mayfair ball any day. Stiff collars hurt my adam's apple and always did.

You've written a lot of stories about me, Gene, and they were good stories, too. Even I have enjoyed reading them and that's something. I'm not responsible for the parts I play but you

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HARRY CARR'S *Shooting*



—*Ray Jones*

Evelyn Venable gives the high sign to her fans as she poses while on a vacation at a California mountain resort. Her next will be **Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch**

Viewing the events of the month in Cinemaland through the eyes of a pointed comment is a monthly feature

I AM WRITING some of this page in New York. The movies are trying to jump the reservation again and move from Hollywood to Broadway.

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur (the husband of Helen Hayes) are the newest producers. They made up their minds that pictures did not have to be made in Hollywood. So they have opened up in the old Long Island studios of the Paramount company.

They are apparently unterrified by the jinx. At least one world record-breaking picture was made there—by Rudolph Valentino. But as a usual thing, pictures that come out of that studio have the poison label on them from the start.

High Life

NEVER have I seen such a gay rollicking studio. Whatever the fate of the production, they are having a swell time making it together — both directing.

They are producing a story called *Crime Without Passion*. Nobody heard of most of the people in it. The leading man is Claude Rains, a stage actor. The leading lady is a girl who does not seem to have any name beyond "Margot." They found her at a hotel. Those who have seen the rushes say that picture is due to be a sensation.

Rueful Kate

THE STUDIO has become the hang-out of most of New York. The day I was there Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes and Katharine Hepburn dropped in.

Some one spoke of a rotten play; his eloquence was fiery. "He must be talking about *The Lake*," murmured Miss Hepburn—referring to her own flop.

When not smart cracking and fencing with reporters and publicity men, Katharine Hepburn is quiet and rather subdued. And, strange to say, very gracious.

Lillian Gish is going back to the stage this fall. Hold your breath; she is going to play the part of a street walker.

Can't Be Done

NO MATTER how brilliantly these two young producers perform, they are kidding themselves. Pictures will continue to be made in Hollywood. I went all through that as a member of the producing staff of D. W. Griffith.

For instance, when making *Dream Street*, Griffith needed a bird in a cage—a thrush. In Hollywood he could have had any conceivable variety of bird in half an hour. Production had to be stopped two days while a property man combed the bird stores—unsuccessfully as it turned out. Another time the prop man turned up with the wrong kind of a revolver. Half a day wasted while he went back to New York for another. The search for extras who looked like starving French women stopped *Two Orphans* a week.

The reason why pictures have to be made in Hollywood is not climate or attractive locations. It is because they have been always made there. Helpful hands are grouped around the studios.

What costs in making pictures is the element of time. You hear about "one hundred extras used on this set." That is all bunk. The bills run up with wasted time. And making pictures outside of Hollywood wastes time.

Axes For Movies

I AM IN Washington now.

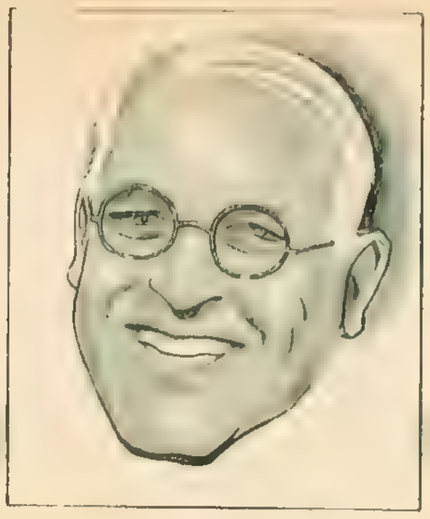
The movies are in great danger of being stepped on with force and violence . . . on account of gangster pictures.

Under the leadership of the Catholic church there is a movement to discipline the producers. The Catholic prelates say that the producers have promised time and again to clean up their stories. They do not keep their promises.

"We shall not take their word again," said one of the leaders in the reprisal movement. "Now we are going to act."

The plan adopted is to ignore the producers altogether. It will be the exhibitor who is stepped on. Whenever a crime picture or hot sex picture is shown at any house, the church intends to ban the house—no matter

Script



famous movie observer and writer whose
of this magazine

by

Harry Carr

how virtuous the other pictures shown there.

I have talked to the Will Hays people about this danger. They do not seem to appreciate how serious it may become. They keep saying that the newspapers are just as much to blame. This is true but will not save the movies.

Directly and indirectly the cost of crime to the United States has reached the appalling figure of $15,000,000,000.

Getting Mary's Goat

MARY PICKFORD dashes to and from the coast. She has many plans for this summer, both stage and screen.

I heard an inside story about Mary and the grand dukes and kings which explains much as to why Douglas insisted on going back to Europe and Mary would not go.

Having maintained a free boarding house for some years for the titled aristocrats, Mary and Doug went to repay one of the visits. Knowing that in England it is the custom to tip the servants where one is a house guest, Mary consulted the housekeeper.

"I think $500 would be enough," said the housekeeper—Mary having stayed one week end! In other words, they were charging her for board and keep at Waldorf prices. This got Mary's goat. Sucker stuff. Mary made it plain to one and all what was on her mind.

Mae Murray Is Back

FINANCIALLY BROKE, disappointed in her marriage, Mae Murray is back on Broadway again where she started as a young girl in the Follies. If she makes a successful come-back she will be one of the first ones in the history of stage or screen. Blanche Sweet is also struggling to get another start on the stage. She has lost her money but seems quite serene and happy.

And here came Constance Talmadge, apparently quite serene and happy with her third husband. Conny says New York gets on her nerves; so she blows through on her way to a more restful haven.

Please turn to page sixty-four



Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, snapped as they returned by plane to Hollywood recently to resume picture work. He is filming The Barretts of Wimpole Street *with Norma Shearer*



The widely discussed feud between W. C. Fields and Baby LeRoy will be over soon if we can believe our eyes. "At last he is going to be the big noise he thinks he is," Mr. LeRoy said succinctly when interviewed on The Old-Fashioned Way *set*

BABY LEROY'S



"Oh, boy, nothing can compare with a spin down Hollywood Boulevard in the moonlight with a beautiful girl like you"



And of course Baby LeRoy chose that charming young lady, Shirley Temple, as his companion for his first fling at night life in Hollywood!

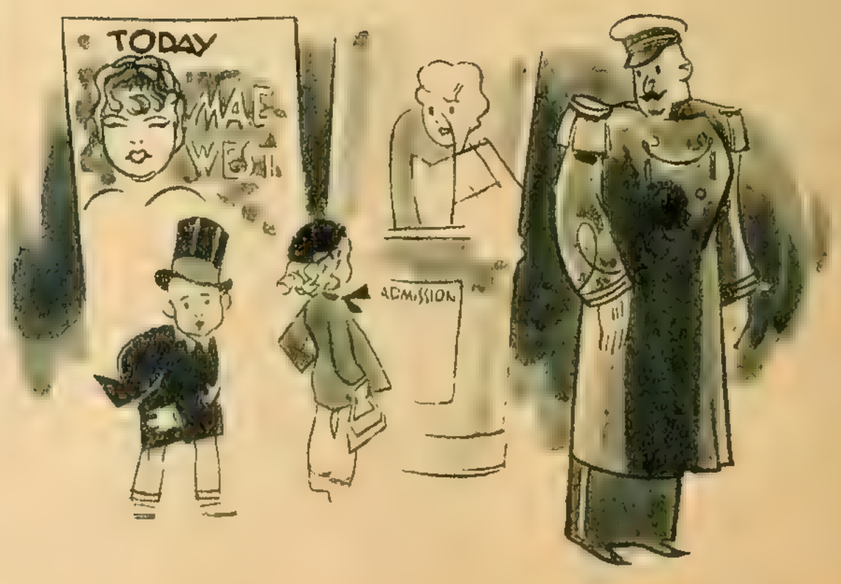






"That ride in my open roadster made me thirsty, didn't it you? Besides, there's nothing better than a drink of good old milk to help people to get better acquainted"

"Two of the best seats in the house, Mister. There's nothing too good for my girl. And after the show we're going dancing at the Cocoanut Grove"



FIRST DATE

A candid camera-man, disguised as Cupid, secured this fascinating record of that memorable evening









"Well, here we are at the Grove at a chummy table all by ourselves. Isn't it swell to think we can relax and forget movie cares and have a good time just like the grown-up stars do?"



"Dancing is fun all right, Shirley, and I'm glad you're having a good time, but oh, boy, how my feet hurt!"

"Gosh, Shirley, I'm sorry, but I guess I simply can't take it. After all, bed is the best place for a little fellow like me at this time of night." "Think nothing of it, LeRoy, I had a lovely time—and if your mother has a spare crib I think I'll sleep here too. This night life isn't what it's cracked up to be"

Adrian's FASHION



Adrian designed this daring frock for Norma Shearer for Riptide *but off-screen she dresses far more conservatively*



Madge Evans is a striking example of the charm school whose intelligence is not of the dramatic type but who knows what she means and expresses it in clothes

As The First Thrilling bars of music herald the latest Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer production, you will notice, as the presentation unreels, the simple credit—"Gowns by Adrian." That is your cue to sit taut in your seat and strain all faculties for what you and you and you will next be wearing is about to be revealed!

Perhaps, as you gasp, you've turned a little green with good, old-fashioned envy? You needn't. I've talked with Adrian and I've learned that wearing distinctive clothes is not a privilege confined necessarily to actresses and people of wealth. If we will but use common sense, applied to the yardstick of Adrian's theories, clothes will become eloquent expressions of the personalities and charms of even as you and I! There are but two simple rules, which, according to Hollywood's greatest style creator, will serve as a basis for everyone.

First: Take stock, not of your body, but of your mind! That is what Adrian does to each star with whom he works. Even before attempting sketches he talks with her, gets her slant on life. Not, if you please, the life she totes out for the benefit of her public, but the private one which is the key to her personality. He tries to feel what is really going on inside that beautiful head of hers. Then, if he designs her clothes for private life, they are the expression of that, and that alone. For picture purposes, of course, Adrian must also determine how the character she is to portray thinks, and then blend the two—for that is how she will appear on the screen. But remember, it is the star's own *inner* personality that serves as a basis. This alone you must bear in mind.

● So Adrian's Rule No. 1 is: "A woman must look as she feels and not try to feel as she looks."

In a few words, don't choose things for yourself because they look well on a friend, a figure in a department store window or even on your favorite film star. Make your clothes express *your* personality—and yours alone. The stars do!

"If a woman looks like Garbo and thinks in terms of the hotcha Lupe Velez, she must dress like the latter, for no matter how strong the resemblance is, Garbo clothes would look ridiculous on her," Adrian told me.

Which brings us to the question of what *are* Garbo clothes? According to Adrian they are anything that is highly original, expressing the creative force of Garbo, the artist! But they must also have a quality of old-world repose and maturity which she expresses off-screen. In private life Garbo has no interest in clothes and usually wears tailored tweeds.

On the screen, however, glamorous Garbo, the artist, demands originality before anything else—and she is willing to try anything that Adrian suggests. The more original or seemingly absurd at first, the more she is pleased, and the better the clothes seem to suit her.

To prove the point that he always lets mind

Adrian, famous studio style designer tells how you can acquire the distinctive chic of the stars

SECRETS

by HELEN HARRISON

rule the clothes he designs, Adrian pointed out the case of *Queen Christina.* Research disclosed the real woman had no interest in clothes and spent most of her life pursuing freedom in a man's doublet and hose. Yet she was Queen, and as such, opulence was purposefully manifested at court functions. So, in creating clothes for this picture, Adrian expressed the cleverness of the real Queen, as well as the originality of Garbo before the cameras.

● Think of the tremendous popularity of the Letty Lynton clothes. Yet Adrian created them solely to express the action of Joan Crawford's personality. Not even for a fitting can she be in repose. The numerous ruffled sleeves spell action at the least movement. And those brilliant and beautiful gowns for *Sadie McKee* stress this dominant characteristic.

Norma Shearer is, to Adrian, the typical American woman—conservative at heart with a secret desire to be daring! Norma can satisfy this secret desire by wearing daring evening gowns in such films as *Riptide* but in real life she

Please turn to page fifty-five



ADRIAN SAYS:

DON'T choose things for yourself because they look well on a friend, a figure in a department store window or even on your favorite film star. Make your clothes express your personality and yours alone.

If a woman looks like Garbo and thinks in terms of the hotcha Lupe Velez, she must dress like the latter for no matter how strong the resemblance is, Garbo clothes would look ridiculous on her.

Don't become discouraged because you have bad figure lines—accentuate them until they become unnoticeable!



Myrna Loy is a woman to whom queenly simplicity is extraordinarily becoming, as this shiny sheath of black cire she wears in The Thin Man *indicates. "If you want to look smart, keep your minds smart," is Adrian's advice*

←

Maureen O'Sullivan is another charming young actress whose clothes effectively express her personality. Girls in the charm school classification should wear fluffy evening gowns, simple afternoon frocks and sport clothes that emphasize their charm



Herbert Marshall, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable engage in the delightful small talk that always follows a well-conceived and well-served dinner

PLAIN TALKS ON FOOD



Ida Bailey Allen

A famous home-making expert offers invaluable advice on food and new, appetizing menus tested in her own laboratory

by Ida Bailey Allen



A Few Months Ago the garden was a bare brown waste—the seeds sown in it unbelievable storehouses of future treasure. Today squash and cucumbers are rioting over the ground. Tomato vines are drooping with heavy fruit. The thickest of tall corn stalks is rich with plump ears. Lettuce, Swiss chard, carrots and radishes are chipper in neat rows. Peas and string beans are ready for the picking. Pepper pods are turning red. In that sunny spot near the slope the melon vines are pursuing their own sweet will, and beside the wall the blackberries and late raspberries are lush with ripeness.

Meals from the garden? Yes; if you are wise, as many of them as possible. For garden fare is cooling because of minerals and distilled water; equalizing because of bulk; appetizing because of flavor; economical because of seasonability; nourishing because of the unparalleled vitamin content of vegetables. They are direct sun foods contributing to the diet through the focalized violet rays certain elements that seem magnetic.

● When you cook vegetables, be sure to retain full food value. To do this:

1. Steam or bake them whenever possible.
2. If vegetables are boiled, let it be in water or milk to barely cover and serve the liquid as a sauce. Otherwise the minerals and vitamines are discarded in the cooking liquid.
3. Season plain cooked vegetables with equal parts of sugar and salt, sparingly with pepper, and with a tablespoonful of butter or nut margarine to each pint of cooked vegetable.
4. Study new vegetable dishes, but keep them simple. *Star the flavor of each vegetable.*

In planning garden meals, do not use more than three or four vegetables, and balance each menu with milk, cheese, eggs or nuts, for most vegetables contain very little protein—that food element which directly nourishes muscles and acts as an energizer as well.

The following menus are tangible examples of garden meals that will prove unusual and satisfying:

A GARDEN LUNCHEON
Vegetable Platter with Mayonnaise
Cream Sauce
Heated Seed Rolls
Steamed Blackberry Pudding
Hard Sauce Hot or Iced Tea

Please turn to page fifty-seven

Introducing Mrs. Allen

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, internationally known home economist, is the author of "Mrs. Allen on Cooking, Menus, Service," "Vital Vegetables," "Your Foods and You," "The Service Cook Book," and "Cooking with Wines and Spirits." Now a sensationally popular radio broadcaster, she has been Home Economics Editor of Good Housekeeping, Pictorial Review and Woman's World; Diet Editor for Medical Review of Reviews and was the founder of the Physical Culture Institute. Now HOLLYWOOD welcomes her as a regular contributor to this magazine.

THE MOVIE STARS' OWN

School of Make-Up

by

MAX FACTOR

Famous Studio Makeup Expert





Max Factor, beauty expert, points out the right way to make-up to accentuate your beauty to the utmost

–Ernest A. Bachrach

If you have an annoying bump on your nose, balance your features by wearing your hair in a neat twist at the nape of the neck like Ann Harding does

Correct beauty hints as used by the world's most beautiful women to help you solve your beauty problems

Do You Know that you can change the very contour of your face? That isn't an idle dream. It's a fact. All you have to do is to learn a few elementary principles of art.

So—step into school! First, let's do what the artist would do if you were sitting for a portrait. Let's get the proportions of your head. Comb your hair back smoothly, wipe away every trace of make-up and take a good look at your features. Now—which is the longer? The distance between the tip of the nose and the back of the head or between the tip of the chin and the top of the head? The last-named should be the greater distance. If it isn't, then you'll have to create an illusion of length.

That is not so difficult. Round faces belong to cherubs and if you're not particularly interested in being one, don't wear bangs nor part your hair in the middle! It ought to be brushed back and a little to the side from a point near the temple. Something in the manner of little Sidney Fox's. Keep away entirely from a "set," tight headdress. Lovely, loose waves—hair away from the face as much as possible—that's your scheme.

Long, thin faces are another story. Treat them as such. Bangs in this case are advocated. Or you might try bringing the hair down in swirls on either side of the forehead. It ought to be arranged softly about the face to give the idea of width.

● But what, asks the girl in the back row, can one do about a funny little bump on the nose? No way of detracting from *that*. Oh, yes there is! Try fixing your hair in a neat standoutish twist at the nape of your neck and you'll be surprised how much less noticeable the bump is. Ann Harding's favorite way of doing her hair is like this—even though she hasn't the smallest reason to complain about her nose.

It's all a matter of *balance*, that underlying rule in art. You know how it is—when you see a flat-chested girl with a tiny hat tipped over one eye she looks exactly as if she were

Please turn to page sixty-two

Hollywood's Pattern Service Offers BETTY FURNESS' FAVORITE FORMAL



You will achieve a new smartness with this frock from the wardrobe of Betty Furness





A DREAM IN LACE, as worn by Betty Furness, chic Radio Pictures player currently appearing in *The Life of Vergie Winters,* is the September selection for HOLLYWOOD's pattern service.

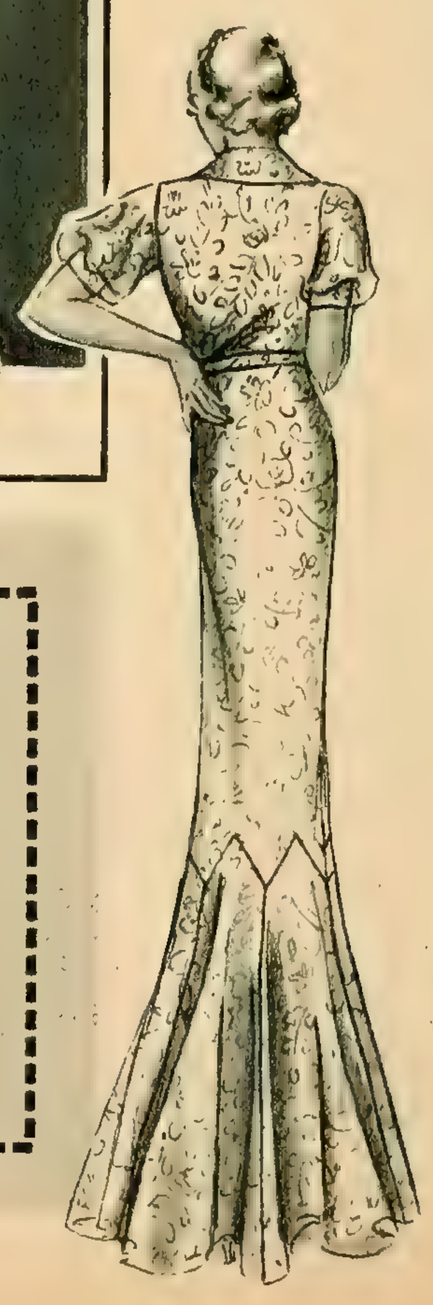
Betty chose pure white lace for her charming gown. Cut princess, it flares below the knees into graceful ripples, which help to give that queenly effect so currently popular.

The outstanding features of the dress are a front closing fastening with crystal buttons, and a front tying belt.

Style No. 613 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years and 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust.

Each pattern is 15c and the large HOLLYWOOD Fashion Book is also 15c, but when ordered with one or more patterns the book will be sent for only 10c.

Use the coupon on this page for ordering. Enclose the correct amount in stamps or coin and address your order to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Dept., 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



Look for Another Stunning Frock Next Month!

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Betty Furness' dress pattern No. 613

Size .....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

Betty Furness, Radio Pictures player, and her fetching formal gown in white lace. You may duplicate it for your own wardrobe by sending for the pattern. Use the coupon at the left

Oooo.h THAT KISS!



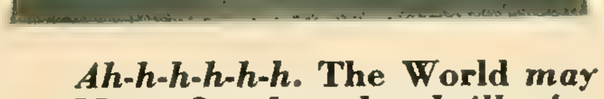
Franchot plants one on Madeleine's temple — sweet, but of course he'd rather find those ruby lips



Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll, starring in *The World Moves On*



"Next time, young lady, you can't dodge me," says Franchot. "Silly boy," says Madeleine, "who'd want to?"



Ah-h-h-h-h-h.* The World *may* Move On, *but the thrill of a kiss is the same always. Ask Franchot and Madeleine



"Now let me get this straight," says Franchot. "I don't want to miss again." "M-m-m-m-m-m-m," sighs Madeleine



Norma Shearer makes a charming hostess at an impromptu back-stage tea party for her co-star in The Barretts of Wimpole Street, *Fredric March, and Maurice Chevalier, who dropped over for a chat*

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-nine

they insisted he come back for the Mexican première of the opus. Wally will don his Villa costume and pilot his plane to the Mexican capital for the event. During his stay there, he will be the guest of Gen. Villa's widow. After the opening, he will change to hunting attire to try out his new rifle on Mexican bear.

May Loaned Again

EVER since May Robson's tremendous hit in Columbia's *Lady for a Day*, that studio has been seeking another powerful yarn for her. Now Harry Cohn is convinced he has just that in *Orchids and Onions*. So May is being borrowed from Metro once more, and she'll be co-starred with Carole Lombard.

Natalie Starts Over

NATALIE TALMADGE, who deserted her celluloid niche when she married Buster Keaton, is planning a new try for silversheet glory. Divorced from the comedian two years ago, Natalie recently appeared in a Los Angeles court with a plea that she be permitted to use her maiden name as her legal cognomen.

A New Dance Looms

FRED ASTAIRE and Ginger Rogers, co-starring in RKO-Radio's *The Gay Divorce*, are rehearsing an original ballroom step for that vehicle. Much secrecy surrounds their trials, and the dance will be shot on a closed set. The sole clue is that the number is a variation of the Castle walk, introduced by Irene and the late Vernon Castle, which was so popular in pre-war days.

Joan May Step Down

THERE'S A POSSIBILITY that motherhood will bring about Joan Blondell's permanent retirement from the spotlight.

"I won't come back if I can find a real excuse for staying away," the blonde star confided. "I'm not going to have a youngster, then leave it in the care of nurses. I'm going to watch it grow up and see to it that it gets the proper care. I'll quit entirely—I don't care much about acting, anyway—if we find we can get along on George's salary. We'll find that out while we're waiting for the baby to arrive."

A New Screen Team

CLARK GABLE is to have a new cinematic fate. She is none other than the beautiful and talented Jeanette MacDonald. They will make their initial appearance together in Metro's *The Lady Comes to Town*, a tale of the roaring west of the '80's.

Determination Wins

FRANK MELTON, the Pineapple, Alabama, husky who hitch-hiked to Hollywood and landed the rôle of Janet Gaynor's bumpkin suitor in *State Fair*, continues to forge ahead in his new career.

During lean weeks following the completion of *State Fair*, Frank toiled long hours for little pay as a gas station attendant. Then he talked his way back onto the Fox lot, and landed a part with Will Rogers in *Mr. Skitch*. That won him a long-termer.

Then, when he heard Victor Jory, due to conflicting schedules, wouldn't be able to take the characterization of the villainous village barber in *Judge Priest*, the new Rogers' vehicle, Frank launched an annoyance campaign that continued until Producer Sol Wurtzel gave in.

Ring Travels Far

BRUCE CABOT and Adrienne Ames are back after a visit to Bruce's home town, Carlsbad, New Mexico. Bruce brought with him a ring he lost in a French seaport five years ago while working his way around the world on a tramp steamer. The keepsake was engraved with his real name, Jacques Debujac, and the finder had sent it to Carlsbad.

Stan's Back At Work

THE FIRST THING Stan Laurel did after taking upon himself a new bride was to make peace with his boss, Hal Roach. The result is that Stan and Oliver Hardy once more are emoting together, their current comedy being titled *Public Enemies*.

Gary, The Benedict

IF YOU don't believe Sandra Shaw has Gary Cooper hog-tied, matrimonially speaking, just glimpse the long, lean fellow from the Montana plains any day as he strolls down Hollywood Boulevard. Yes, sir, folks, Gary has gone in for spats, a la Odd McIntyre. And his batik neckties! Oh, boy!

Shirley Prompts 'Em

LITTLE SHIRLEY TEMPLE has painted the faces of a lot of Hollywood big shots a vivid red. The youngster not only memorizes her own lines, but those of other players as well.

Gary Cooper blew up the other day while they were emoting together in *Now and Forever* over at Paramount. Try as he would, he couldn't remember his dialogue, then Shirley put him on the spot by whispering the words in his ear.

He Takes No Chances

CHARLIE CHAPLIN never has been accused of cowardice, but the little fellow did assume a cautious attitude during the Gettle kidnaping episode.

Despite the fact that Charlie is trying to speed up production on his new picture, he remained within the four walls of his Beverly hilltop mansion, the estate surrounded by guards, during the three days and nights the multi-millionaire broker was in the hands of the snatchers. But Chaplin had good reason for playing safe. His intimates reveal that he has been the recipient of threatening communications.

Gloria Files Suit

GLORIA SWANSON has filed her action for divorce from Michael Farmer in the Los Angeles courts, and Michael, departing on a round-the-world yachting cruise, announces that he won't fight the action.

"If she wants the custody of our baby, I'll willingly grant her plea," said Mike. "In fact, I'll do anything to make her happy."

However, because Farmer is out of the state, Gloria cannot obtain her decree for ninety days. The law requires that notice of the suit be published for that length of time in view of the fact that he cannot be served with a subpoena.

It's All Over

THE romance between Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall was short-lived. Edna Best, Herbert's wife, is en route back to Hollywood for a picture rôle and a possible reconciliation. They do be saying that Herbert's pals talked him out of the Gloria Swanson intrigue!

They Thought She Was Dillinger's Girl

Continued from page thirty-two

to shed feathers and the audience began to make clucking noises like a chicken but that didn't stop me. I was just a kid and as cocksure as I could be."

To use her own words, Binnie has bumped about a bit. She was born in London where her father was a bobby or policeman. Her mother was Italian. At the age of fifteen she left home to become a milk maid at the Finchley Manor farms.

"Oh yes," she admits, "I milked the cows and delivered the milk but now I climb the fence at the very sight of a cow. You have great droves of the beasts out here on the ranches don't you? I must watch and not come on any unaware."

But Milking cows soon lost its allure for Binnie and she joined the staff of the Great Northern hospital as an apprentice nurse.

"Filthy work," she frowned, "so I chucked it and went into a draper's shop."

But drapes held no more fascination for Binnie than had the cows and the operations. It was soon after her try-out at the music hall that she joined a troupe which was playing at the Cosmo Club and became the partner of Tex McLeod, a rope spinner.

"I became a female Will Rogers," she smiles, "and although neither of us had ever been within a thousand miles of a real cowboy, Tex taught me to spin a rope."

Tex and his company decided to trek to South Africa and Binnie went along. For a time they did their rope spinning in the best cafés of Cape Town and Johannesburg but the idea palled on the natives of the veldt and the company returned to London.

Binnie stayed on. She had decided to become a singer.

"I decided to mimic Whispering Jack Smith who was tremendously popular at that time," she told me, "and so I played his records in my room until I could imitate his low, husky whisper to perfection. Then I got a try-out at a café. You don't know what rain is until you go to South Africa and the café had a tin roof. I had selected *My Blue Heaven* for my opening song and as I began my blue heavens opened up in a downpour. The noise on that tin roof was awful and the audience couldn't hear a word but when I had finished, they clapped politely and I got the job."

Tiring Of South Africa, Binnie returned to England. She found out that while English actresses were starving, an American girl could find a dozen jobs. She resumed her rope spinning act under the very American cognomen of *Texas Binnie*. The audience thought her a true daughter of the wild-and-wooley. She picked up American slang and managed to drop her accent. Today it is hardly discernible. Her act became famous and she decided that it was time to try the legitimate stage. Her first chance came in 1929 in the cast of *Silver Tassie*, in which Charles Laughton and Una O'Connor, both now in Hollywood, appeared. Next came a rôle in Charlot's revue and then a season of training at Cannes on the French Riviera. She returned to London, a finished product, to appear in *Down Our Street* with Hugh Williams, Elizabeth Allan and Heather Angel. Her first real triumph came in the original Drury Lane production of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*. It was during the run of this play that Alexander Korda, the director, saw her and signed her to a film contract. It was also while in *Cavalcade* that she met and married Samuel Joseph, a collector and book dealer.

"And you are still married?" I asked.

"Why yes, of course." She seemed puzzled and then laughed, "Oh, I had forgotten about Hollywood marriages, but they are more permanent in England."

She made several films and then played the rôle of *Katheryn Howard* with Charles Laughton in that memorable classic, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. It was this picture which attracted the attention of Hollywood and Universal placed her under contract.



***Something must have startled Maurice Black and Alice Moore! What it was is one of the secrets to be unfolded in* Down to Their Last Yacht**

"I Am Still out of breath," she laughed. "America and American methods amaze me. Six and a half days after I left London, I arrived in your Hollywood. Five and a half days by boat and a day and night by plane. A studio representative met me at the boat and kidnaped me. We got in a car and started for New Jersey and the airport. My cousin, Edna Searl, accompanied me and we both have red hair. It was at the entrance to the Hudson tunnel that the police stopped us. We had a terrible time, nearly missing our plane, because they thought us Dillinger *molls*. That was my first American adventure."

"But the plane," she admits, "frightened me even more than the police or even Dillinger. I had never been up before. We flew and flew until at last we stopped, I thought in Australia or China but it was only Omaha, half way to the coast. I got to be quite the experienced flyer by the time we got to Hollywood."

But there was no rest for Binnie in Hollywood. Before she had time to more than bathe and change, she was treated to a sample of Hollywood efficiency. A car whisked her to the studio. Make-up men, hair-dressers and dress designers pounced upon her and within three hours she was making her first screen test at Universal. Within three days she was shooting the first scenes of her picture.

"You can imagine, after the leisurely English way of making pictures," she laughed, "that I thought America and Americans crazy, but now I like it. I like to move fast."

No, Hollywood was not disappointing. She had been amazed at the number of beautiful girls she encountered at every turn.

"I almost decided to go home," she confided, "for, I thought, what chance have I, with all these truly beautiful girls here."

As We Say here in Hollywood, the girl has *something*. She isn't beautiful but she has two more important ingredients, brains and personality. Her voice is low and vibrant and almost without accent. She is tall, five feet six and weighs 122 pounds but the curves are there, in exactly the right places. She fairly sparkles with vivacity and energy. Her skin is fair but deeply tanned and her teeth are astonishingly white and even.

"But you must have had some exciting experiences during all your travels," I insisted.

"I did but another time I'll tell you about them," she insisted.

And I'm looking forward to hearing about them.

Little Success Stories OF THE STARS

No. 2 MARGARET SULLAVAN

Nobody was more surprised than she when they called her beautiful

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

YOU WOULDN'T THINK to look at Margaret Sullavan, the picture of robust health, full of life and vivacity, sparkling with the joy of living, that she was once an invalid. But, strange as it may seem, Margaret Sullavan could not walk a step until she was four years old!

"I suffered from malnutrition," she explains, "and my legs didn't develop. At the age of three, I could not even stand up, so I was put in a baby walker until I learned to use my legs. Then I was sent up into the mountain camps in Vermont where I grew strong and well."

It was because she learned the joys of freedom and the comfort of old slacks and sweaters that Margaret reacts so violently to the restrictions which Hollywood imposes, and insists on garbing herself in outlandish but comfortable clothes at all times. The air of the Vermont hills also gave her beauty, a clear complexion and a healthy viewpoint on life. She still refuses to consider herself a beauty.

"Nobody was more surprised than I when I was chosen as a potential Hollywood beauty," she smiled. "I took a look at this pan of mine and said to myself, 'Well, Sullavan, maybe there is something you have missed. Maybe you have that ephemeral something or other that is beauty. But no, wait until I tell you. . . .

"When I got to Hollywood the makeup boys, the cameramen, the directors and the executives all inspected me. Whatever it was that made them select me in the first place, they insisted on changing. They first removed a mole from my left cheek which I had been previously told was a mark of beauty. They said my teeth needed repairing and straightening and suggested that I have them all pulled and put in plates. We compromised on a shield which fits over them and is worn only on the set.



"If most women would study their faces and work to correct their faults they could be much more beautiful than nature made them"

"They told me my face was lopsided and that my mouth droops on the right side and that my jaw is lower than on the left. They fixed that in the makeup department with lipstick on the corner of the mouth and by painting the right eyebrow higher than the left, they raised the right side of my face. I think they did a good job. I really think that if most women would do what the studio did to me, study their faces and work to correct their faults, they could be much more beautiful than nature made them."

So you see even *Margaret Sullavan*, whose spectacular rise from obscurity has taken place over a period of months, wasn't born perfect.

WATCH FOR ANOTHER LITTLE SUCCESS STORY NEXT MONTH

An Open Letter To Joan Crawford

Continued from page thirty-seven

and your lips and that you will do what you please with them.

But Joan, *is* it your face and are they *your* lips? Can you afford to wear make-up which the fans do not like and outline your lips in a manner which they resent? No, Joan, you can't. You are the Joan Crawford you are today because you incited the love and admiration of millions of men and women, boys and girls. As long as you intend to appear on the screen and as long as you wish to hold their affections, you must be the Joan Crawford *they* want. Don't you see, Joan dear, what I mean? You no longer belong to yourself but to the millions of fans who love you.

There are many great personalities on the screen, Joan, but few great actors and actresses. You are both. There is not a man, woman or child in America who does not admire you for the things you have accomplished in the development of your personality and your career.

I DO NOT BLAME you for carping at the gossips but remember that your fans do not know you as I know you. They only know what they read in their newspapers and their magazines. Please, Joan, give them your side of the story in your own frank way. They'll believe you, no matter what you say.

Go on, Joan, with your books, your music and your languages. Build your Little Theatre and develop your undoubted talent for the stage. Invite only your close friends, if you want to; that is your business and no one else's. Study and learn and become great; your own career is an inspiration to every girl who wants to rise above the common herd. Only, Joan dear, take your fans into your confidence. Tell them what you are trying to do. Sit down with them and let them know the Joan Crawford I know and they'll stick with you until Doomsday. I'm not asking you to defend yourself, because you need no defense. I am asking you to give your fans, first-hand, the *truth*.

The other day on the studio lot, you passed in your open Ford as I came out of one of the stages. At the wheel was Franchot Tone. With that smile of yours which I can never forget, you turned and waved cheerily at me, "Hello, Gene!"

I had not seen you for months but you were the same Joan. That is the Joan I want you to show to your fans. They are beginning to think of you, because of this gossip, as having drawn yourself away from them. They are beginning to picture you cold and aloof when, as a matter of fact, all of the art, all the culture, all the Little Theatres in the world could never make you anything but warm, impulsive, vivid and generous.

I am not asking you to write to your detractors, Joan, I am asking you to write to your fans. Let your critics stew in their own unsavory broth. Speak to them, Joan, these millions who love and admire you and who want the truth as only you can tell it.

Always,

J. Eugene Chrisman

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"NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day*.

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security. NRA

I'd Fight to Hold My Man

Continued from page twenty

portion of the unhappiness in the world, she claims, is due to lack of the proper sort of spunk on a woman's part—and lack of using her head with her heart.

"Now comes the question of the Other Woman." Mae looked thoughtful. "What should a girl do when it has reached the point where her man is resting another head on his shoulder or even thinking about it?

"If the prescription I've already mentioned is taken in time I don't believe there can be any Other Woman. But if the O. W. has muscled in on your exclusive territory before this, something must be done at once. That is, if you still think your man is worth scrapping for.

"Should you set yourself to give said Other Woman a terrific shellacking at the first opportunity? I wouldn't. If you beat her up—with words or fists—you'd only make your boy friend sympathize with her. What to do then? Step out yourself and make your man jealous? That doesn't work out well except in one case in a thousand. It's sure to stir up a lot of argument and common ordinary brawling between you and your man, and when it boils down to that you might as well put on your hat and coat and consider it all washed up.

"I'd say the best way out of the O. W. problem is to be so attractive yourself that no other woman will stand a chance. I don't just mean by 'attractive' that a woman has to be beautiful or even pretty. Attractiveness combines one's manners; one's ability to be pleasant and 'likeable.' In brief, it is the front that you show to the world backed up by what you feel inside of you—the total effect of your whole personality that makes you engaging or not.

"I CAN'T GIVE any capsule formula for holding a husband. I don't believe there is any. But if you are in fear of losing your man and you want to hold the brute, fill his evenings. Fill his thoughts. But don't make it obvious that you're after his admiration. No fight is going to produce results unless you're able to create for him the illusion at least that you are indispensable to his life. Fight *subtly*. Gaiety and humor mixed with a dash of mystery are the finest weapons.

"And by mystery I'm not referring to any cold aloofness," Mae hastened to explain. "Keeping a man guessing is usually a good piece of business for a single girl but it usually gets a wife into trouble. A woman who makes her husband worry and wonder too much is apt to be pretty irritating around a home. Very likely he'll turn to someone else who doesn't afford so much guess-work! No, by mystery I mean simply to exercise a certain amount of reserve in her relations to others and create an atmosphere of self-containment. It makes a man think about her. It makes him want to know why she is that way and how she got that way! He will want to break down that reserve and disturb that self-assurance. Frankly, no woman should be as easily readable as an open book. She should control her emotion just enough to provoke a man's curiosity.

"Fight? You bet you should! It's a wrong idea of sportsmanship to bolt the minute the third angle of a triangle shows her head. Boys and girls these days know the physical facts. But they're ignorant of the things that really matter. That a man's and woman's love is something to be held and sacrificed for—yes, and *fought for*."

◆

No Man Is Worth Fighting For

Continued from page twenty-one

was something a little pitiful about that shrug.

No girl ever wanted more to make a success of her marriage than Jean did. Now at the end of eight months she finds her romance with Hal Rosson, that started out so gaily with an elopement at dawn to Yuma, ended . . . in divorce. She's facing a high wave of misunderstanding, sharp criticism, even rebukes for something I happen to know was as unescapable as Fate. And she's facing it with characteristic courage.

No, it isn't from any lack of stamina that Jean Harlow says, *don't struggle to keep your man.*

"Oh, I know I do it on the screen. I literally pull hair and strike and scratch for him!" she smiled. "Remember in *Red Dust*? And I even did a picture with the title, *Hold Your Man*. But in everyday living it's another matter.

"It's the *man* who wants to feel he's holding his woman against the world. *You* do it and the first thing you know you'll be cajoling and mothering him and there's nothing a man hates more.

"Jealousy is only a form of distrust, a thing that kills love. It's *fear*—and that's what makes you want to fight. Throw away the fear of losing your husband. Let me tell you, the greatest romance in the world can't stand nagging! The most terrible thing a woman can do is to get her feelings hurt and pout. And that's the one way to get rid of the person you adore!

"It's a wise wife who can enter into the spirit of playtime with her man and not be too matter-of-fact; who knows how to offer him something when he comes home—varied interests, charm, a real smile of the just-for-you variety.

"To her, marriage won't mean a continual conflict for the love of a man. It will mean the security and happiness that every woman wants."

Cross-Examining the Stars

Continued from page thirty-six

CHARLES FARRELL: Is Glenda Farrell any relation to you? What are your hobbies? Do you like Janet Gaynor very especially?

Glenda Farrell is no relation to me. Yachting, polo and tennis are my hobbies. Of course I like Janet Gaynor, very, very much indeed. She is a very wonderful friend and a very marvelous little actress —but please don't forget I am very happily married to Virginia Valli.

ALICE FAYE: Where may I write you? How old are you? Are you married? Is Alice Faye your right name? Are you a natural blonde?

You may write to me care of the Fox Studio, Fox West Coast Hills, West Los Angeles, California. I am eighteen years old, am not married, Alice Faye is my right name and I am a natural blonde.

JEANETTE MacDONALD: When did you start dancing and music? How tall are you? What color is your hair? What color eyes have you?

I started dancing and music when I was six years old. I am five feet five inches tall. My hair is red-gold and my eyes are a real green.

GEORGE RAFT: What is your nationality? Where were you born? How tall are you? What color are your eyes and hair?

I was born of German and Italian parentage in New York City. I am five feet ten inches tall. My eyes are very dark brown and my hair is black.

JANET GAYNOR: Where and when were you born? Did you have any experience before entering pictures? What is your real name?

I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on October 6th. No, I entered pictures direct from high school. My real name is Laura Gainer.

MAE WEST: Where and when were you born? Do you play your rôles with your tongue in your cheek?

I was born August 17th in Brooklyn, New York—and just try and find out the year! After all I'm a woman! Ummmm I dunno, what do you think? The kind of women I play, my friend, live with their tongues in their cheeks—if that's what you mean. They have to laugh at life inside—or else!

JEAN HARLOW: Have you a temper? I have. Please tell me how I can control it?

I think almost everyone in the world has a temper, don't you? Only some people have an easier time controlling it than others. I have found my very greatest help in controlling quick anger —which temper really is—is to put myself in the other person's place before I have a chance to feel mine too intensely. I have found by doing this you can then see the other fellow's slant and discover the reason he is doing what he is doing— and by that time your temper is gone.

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Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde.

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Whitney Bourne, New York socialite who makes her film début in* Crime Without Passion; *Claude Rains, who plays the lead, and Charles MacArthur, who is producing and directing it with Ben Hecht, chat on the set while lights are adjusted

Handicapped by Too Much Money!

Continued from page nineteen

piness in allowing me to live comfortably, luxuriously. No woman could deny the pleasure in that!

"However, as a factor in getting ahead in Hollywood having money has certainly been anything but helpful! You might presume that the studios would pay infinitely more attention to you if you came to Hollywood in a 'grand' manner. I can speak with authority, for my own experience taught me differently. When I came here I rented a big place and I entertained extensively. Important, influential producers were my guests and companions.

"They were impressed; yes. But that's all! They liked me and agreed I had good screen possibilities. And right there the interest ceased. Whenever I said I was anxious to work as hard as any girl in town at acting, they laughed. 'You are just fooling,' they insisted. 'You have too much money to be serious, really turn working woman!'"

She hadn't, though. The idea of work had never occurred to her until she bumped into this odd attitude. She had never been crossed and her latent fighting spirit was aroused. Nothing in her former environment or in this annoying Hollywood encouraged Dolores. In fact, she had to combat both the traditional ease to which she'd been accustomed and the snap judgment of the film colony.

"I played four supporting parts before I got my chance at a lead," Dolores tells me. "My money had no bearing on my selection for *What Price Glory?* I did not meet Raoul Walsh, who cast and directed it, until the day I went to take the test for the rôle. I was tested along with half-a-dozen actresses."

She was chosen because she had the best understanding of the part, and because her natural aptitude for emotional acting was evident to Walsh. The public, immediately charmed, demanded more Del Rio. She had no trouble staying to the fore for more than four years.

GRADUALLY, INSIDIOUSLY, a strange slant to her too-much-money handicap popped up. There was something so lush and gorgeous about her personality that the powers-that-be began branding her "too expensive." Under Edwin Carewe's long supervision each Del Rio release cost nearly a million to make. Which was satisfactory so long as the pictures clicked.

When she was unfortunate enough to get poor stories the feeling grew that she had to rely on an extravagant production set-up. Meanwhile, her salary had mounted startlingly. Once, in the silent era, she was reputedly earning $12,500 a week.

"I was raised to utterly disregard money, to be a wife and mother. My education, at a convent in Mexico City, was instruction in music, literature, and the art of being a worthy housewife.

"At sixteen I married and Jaime and I spent an entire year revelling in the sights of Europe." Although this first marriage of hers went on the rocks after she found fame in Hollywood, she refers to the now-dead Jaime with tenderness.

"I do not regret a moment of that marriage. We were happy. He taught me to appreciate many things. Russian music and art, for instance. I'd never been permitted to read novels. He opened new worlds in countless ways."

Dolores, the intoxicating, is a busy bee these days at Warners. They realize that she doesn't require extravagant bolstering; she has a real following who will flock to see her in worthy stories, the latest of which is *Farewell to Shanghai.* She's conscientiously making herself step as lively as anyone on the lot, vowing never to be permanently daunted by her unique handicap!

Adrian's Fashion Secrets

Continued from page forty-three

knows better and all her clothes are conservative. Perhaps you, too, have a hidden desire to do something "different?" Well, don't take it out on your clothes—unless you're an actress. You might substitute flying or anything else that has an element of danger—but don't ever risk being badly dressed to satisfy a hidden quirk!

HARLOW EXEMPLIFIES THE woman who has a perfectly honest mind and dares to think directly. Yet she is a much more polished person than the woman she portrays on the screen. This natural directness blends admirably, in clothes, with her daring rôles and permits Adrian full leeway for startling and breathtaking innovations which should be carefully modified when transposing them to your own wardrobe.

Consider one more type—that vast army of American girls Adrian covers by the one word "charming." Marion Davies, Maureen O'Sullivan, Madge Evans and many other film actresses head such a group. They wear, for the most part, young girl fashions, fluffy evening gowns, simple afternoon frocks, sport clothes that emphasize the one point, *charm*.

We cannot all have the repose of a Garbo, the dynamic action of a Crawford, the conservatism of a Shearer, or the daring of a Harlow. Perhaps our lives aren't fully enough developed to give sharp lines to our personality. What, then, should *we* wear?

Simple things.

"By simple things I don't mean dull ones," says Adrian. "A simple dress becomes exciting by reason of playing up one note—color, cut, sleeves, an arrangement of buttons or that most important factor of all—accessories."

Which brings us to Adrian's second rule:

"Accentuate bad body lines until they become unnoticeable!"

Don't gasp. That's what *he* does. And it will work with you, too!

You know how little women with narrow shoulders usually try to wear broadening effects? Well, Garbo is a fairly tall woman with particularly broad shoulders. Instead of creating lines to narrow them, Adrian puts ultra-broad shoulders on her. Strange paradox! Her shoulders are now so broad that they seem narrow, or are at least unnoticeable and attention is called to other points of her dress.

If, on the other hand, like Joan Crawford, you have a body "almost divine," it does not matter where the emphasis lies, excepting, of course, for the fundamental rule of not emphasizing one's breasts. This is all right for clothes worn in the privacy of one's boudoir, but there good taste says that it must end. Clinging dresses, to Adrian, mean those which cling around the hips and show the leg line in walking.

If your arms are too long you put on longer sleeves of wide interesting cuts, with perhaps decorative slits in the upper arm, near the shoulder. If they are too short, you puff your sleeve in some fantastic way that calls attention to the sleeve rather than to the arm. Accentuating bad points becomes just another form of camouflage that is very simple.

As to materials, Adrian's ideas may be carried out as well in gingham as in velvet. Flat crêpe, satin and velvet serve equally as well as woolens to emphasize body lines, and personality can be expressed in any material.

Color not only expresses the personality, but harmonizes with the eyes and the skin pigment. Most of Joan Crawford's frocks are done in blue, for that is the action color. Red and white tell of the blending personality of a Harlow; solid colors, like black, brown and gray express the repose of Garbo; pastels the charm of a Davies or an Evans.

But Adrian thinks the details of color, necklines, buttons, buckles and accessories become important only when a woman does interesting things with them to carry out the two main points. Losing sight of the fundamentals by stressing one of its parts is a mistake made by far too many, in Adrian's opinion.

He says: "If you American women want to look smart—keep your minds smart. You must be vitally interested in something or everything so that your personality will develop and you will become so definite a type that you cannot help but choose clothes to match it—as do those glamorous, gorgeous creatures who 'dress for fame!'"



Maxie Baer is the first movie star to win the world's heavyweight boxing title, or, if you'd rather, the first world's heavyweight champ to be a movie star. His fine work in* The Prizefighter and the Lady *cinched a return engagement on the screen in the near future



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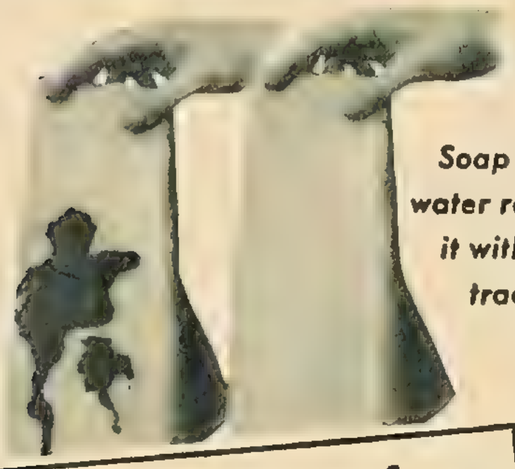
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Clark Gable Replies

Continued from page thirty-seven

ought to know me too well to think that I've changed any off-screen. Success hasn't softened me, not a bit. If anything, it has hardened me more. The fight to keep on top takes a lot more work than the one to get there and the fellow who lets it soften him doesn't stay on top long.

But where do you get that boiled shirt stuff? I haven't worn a dress suit since *Strange Interlude*. What about *Red Dust* and *Men In White* and even *It Happened One Night*? Was I a softie or a stuffed shirt in any of those? And when it comes to trading mulligan stew for caviar, give me mulligan every time and no matter if I eat it out of a tin can or out of hand painted china and whether I eat it with the right fork or use a bent spoon, I'm still a mulligan eater at heart.

You say that I've come a long way. I have and I admit it. I couldn't be where I am today if I still had the mannerisms that I knew when I was a lumberjack or an oil field worker. A rolling stone might not gather much moss but it picks up a lot of polish. I have, and I'm proud of it. Polish may make a man more of a gentleman but it should not make him a sissy and a softie. Some of the he-est he-men in the world know how to balance a tea cup and wear a tail coat.

YOU SAY THAT Ace Wilfong in *A Free Soul* was my best rôle. I don't think so myself. I liked my part in *It Happened One Night*. That was comedy, of a kind, but I've always wanted to do that kind of comedy. Anyhow, the Ace Wilfongs went out with the gangster cycle.

Then they pick up this race horse business. Said it was an indication that I was going Gene Tunney on them. Do you want to know the real lowdown on why I bought a racing stable? Here it is. I learned to ride in order to get my first big break in *The Painted Desert*. That taught me to love horses. I began to ride a lot, for pleasure and to play a little polo. Then I had an operation and the doctor told me no more riding for a long, long time. I love horses and wanted to be around them, so I bought four racers. I have only one left. That's the real low-down.

Maybe I have lost a little of what you call my punch and virility on the screen. Perhaps I am fed up. I've done a lot of hard work. I can't get the slant that most picture people have, that Hollywood and pictures are the center of the universe. I keep realizing that there is an interesting world outside, places to go and things to do and see. I'm a rolling stone and I'm always wanting to see what's behind the next hill. I'd get away and take that sea trip on a mangy tramp steamer if I could but I'd be afraid that I might never come back. I do the best I can with my hunting and fishing trips.

NOBODY KNOWS better than I, that I am not a great actor. I wouldn't even agree with you that I'm a great personality. I'm just a guy who got a lucky break, that's all. If people like me on the screen and I manage to give a few million people a vicarious thrill, as you say, that's fine. I want to give them the kind of rôles they like, as far as I can but if I ever let it go to my head, I hope somebody will take a punch at it.



—*Pinchot*

***Henry Hull, Broadway star of* Tobacco Road *will soon be seen in Universal's* Great Expectations**

Success has changed me. It will change anyone. When I was struggling along, I wanted success, I wanted fame and I wanted money. Now that I've got them, I don't think they are worth what it takes to get them. If I had a swagger and carried a chip on my shoulder it was because I had a goal to fight toward. If I've lost it, it is because I've found that the grass on top of the hill isn't as green as it looked from below. I don't mean to sound cynical. I'm merely trying to be honest with you and with the people who put me where I am today.

If I had a swagger, it was because I had learned in the school of hard knocks that life is mostly bluff. If you want to get what you want, make people think you are good. I thought then that the greatest thing in the world was money, fame, luxury. Now I know that it is to be free. When people get tired of me on the screen, the world is before me. There are a million things I want to do, a million places I want to go. I'm not going to let Hollywood get me down.

Thanks for the letter, Gene, it was great of you to think of me as you did. I hope I've made myself clear. At least I've been honest. I haven't strangled many babies in recent pictures or kicked many cripples but that doesn't mean I'm softening up, going high-hat or trading in my leather jacket for a stiff shirt. Perhaps the rôle I have with Joan Crawford in this picture we're making will convince my fans that Adolphe Menjou's reputation is safe from me.

Sincerely,

Clark Gable

HOLLYWOOD

Plain Talks On Food

Continued from page forty-four

VEGETABLE PLATTER

12 small flaky boiled potatoes
6 baked cheese-stuffed tomatoes
2 pounds cooked fresh peas
Minced parsley
Sprigs of parsley
Mayonnaise cream sauce.

Heap the potatoes in the center of the platter and surround alternately with large tablespoonfuls of peas and with the cheese-stuffed tomatoes. Edge with sprigs of parsley.

MAYONNAISE CREAM SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
⅓ teaspoon salt
Few grains white pepper
¼ teaspoon sugar
⅓ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon lemon juice for extra tartness (optional).

Melt the butter and gradually stir in the flour and seasonings. Stir in the milk and cook over a low heat until smooth, thick and boiling point has been reached; then slowly beat in the mayonnaise and serve at once.

The Menu For the following garden dinner is one that I used years ago when in charge of a famous club in the Berkshires:

A GARDEN DINNER
Melon Cup
Stuffed Cucumbers with Tomato Sauce
Potatoes O'Brien Corn-on-the-Cob Beer
Lettuce with Eggs Mayonnaise Rye Crisp
Deep Peach Pie with Cream
Hot or Iced Coffee

MELON CUP

1 cup balls cut from watermelon
1 cup balls cut from cataloupe
1 cup balls cut from honey dew melon
1 cup pineapple juice
Juice ½ lemon
⅓ cup claret (optional).

STUFFED CUCUMBERS

6 medium sized cucumbers
1½ cups cooked chopped meat or fish (any kind)
3 tablespoons milk
¼ cup fine soft bread crumbs
½ tablespoon minced parsley
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 chopped hard cooked egg
1 cup tomato juice
Tomato sauce.

Peel the cucumbers; cut them lengthwise and scoop out the seeds. Boil these shells five minutes in water containing a teaspoon each of salt and sugar. Drain. Dust with salt and pepper and fill with a stuffing made by combining the meat, milk, crumbs, parsley, onion and egg. Place the cucumbers lengthwise in a heavy baking pan or dish; bring the tomato juice to a boil and pour it around the cucumbers. Dust the tops with fine dry crumbs; dot with butter and bake about forty minutes or until tender in a moderate oven 350 degrees F. Serve with tomato sauce.

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Alice White featured player in Universal Pictures



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Hot From Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-eight

Director W. S. Van Dyke is head man in pretty Ruth Mannix' life . . . That Lila Lee-Jack Peine blow-up was only temporary, and they're cooing again . . . William Powell is interested in Elizabeth Allan . . . Joan Marsh and Tommy Lee are not as thick as they used to be . . . Lyle Talbot has most of Sally Blane's time, now that Russ Columbo and Carole Lombard are likethat once more.

Marriages

GINGER ROGERS and Lew Ayres are so near the parson's gate that Ginger now takes Ma Ayres to lunch . . . Auburn-haired Shirley Ross will shortly become the bride of Lieut. Edward Harris, a '34 West Pointer . . . Jane Keithley is the new Mrs. Al Santell . . . Lola Lane, Lew Ayres' ex-mate, finally eloped to Las Vegas with Al Hall, the director . . . Director Hobart Henley pulled a surprise wedding with Dorothy March, a portrait artist, as party of the second part . . . Now it comes out that Phil Plant, Connie Bennett's ex-playboy-hubby, is hitched to Edna Dunham, the gal Max Baer courted so wildly . . . Lily Pons is engaged to Fritz Von Der Becke, German ship's physician, and they double up in the fall.

Births

THE ANDY DEVINES are pricing bassinettes . . . The Jack Dempseys (Hannah Williams) have agreed that if their expected is a boy, they'll raise him to be a fighter . . . and if it's a girl, they'll train her for a dancing career . . . The Donald Cooks have named their first-born Donna Dailey Cook . . . Hollywood hearts went out to George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill when their son succumbed to pneumonia at the age of nine days . . . The William Wellmans are expectant.

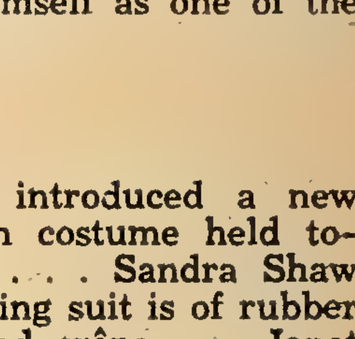
Social

JEANETTE MACDONALD tossed off a swanky dinner party in her Beverly home in honor of Inez Courtney, musical comedy comedienne, and her sister, Florence, also of the Broadway stage, who are Jeanette's house guests . . . Elissa Landi's Riviera manor furnished the setting for two elaborate functions, one when she entertained at dinner in honor of Baron de Rothchild, the second a less formal affair to introduce her Hollywood friends to Princess Urach . . . The day after Fay Wray completed her lead in Columbia's *Black Moon*, she gave a swimming luncheon at her Playa del Rey abode, the guests including Janet Gaynor, Ginger Rogers, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Margaret Lindsey, Martha Sleeper and Mrs. J. Ainsworth Morgan . . . Something new in get-togethers was offered by the Leslie Howards, when Leslie shipped his polo ponies to England, preparatory to his own departure Londonward . . . The star and his frau invited the William Gargans and a flock of other intimates down to the harbor, where they viewed the loading of the steeds, then boarded the ship for dinner with the captain . . . Dolores Del Rio was hostess to Filmtown's recent brides at a luncheon and swim at her Santa Monica place, with Raquel Torres, Martha Sleeper, Carmelita Geraghty, Fay Wray and Sandra Shaw among those honored . . . The Gleasons—Jimmy, Lucille and Russell—threw open their spacious Beverly house and grounds to a hundred or more persons on a recent Sabbath morning, with ham and eggs cooked by Jimmy himself as one of the main attractions.

Fashions

ALICE WHITE has introduced a new farmerette beach costume held together with zippers . . . Sandra Shaw Cooper's newest bathing suit is of rubber that resembles printed crêpe . . . Janet Gaynor does her beach lounging in a backless bathing suit of blue with matching slacks . . . Grace Bradley's new headdress is shorter, waved on the sides and parted in the middle, with modified bangs . . . Kay Francis appeared on the Beverly bridle path in riding togs of white and brown, including white whipcord breeches, white herringbone tweed coat, brown broadcloth shirt and dotted stock tie, touched with brown hat and boots.

Happy Birthday



We extend greetings to the stars and fans who celebrate their birthdays in September:

Richard Arlen 1st	Neil Hamilton 9th	Fay Wray 16th
John Mack Brown 1st	Otto Kruger 9th	Dolores Costello 17th
George O'Brien 1st	Tala Birell 10th	Esther Ralston 17th
Sir Guy Standing 1st	Maurice Chevalier 12th	Helen Vinson 17th
Marilyn Miller 1st	Dickie Moore 12th	Margaret Lindsay 19th
Henrietta Crosman 2nd	Edwina Booth 13th	Paul Muni 22nd
Mary Doran 3rd	Claudette Colbert 13th	George Raft 26th
Doris Kenyon 5th	Don José Mojica 14th	Patricia Farley 27th
Dorothy Gulliver 6th	Jackie Cooper 15th	George Bancroft 30th
Roscoe Karns 7th	Alexander Kirkland 15th	Ralph Forbes 30th



—*Wide World*

Wynne Gibson and three of her guests snapped at the buffet luncheon she gave the other day to celebrate the opening of her Malibu Beach home. Left to right are Randolph Scott, Wynne, Arline Judge and Peggy Shannon

Does Sinister Nazi Doom Menace Bergner?

Continued from page thirty

"You are just saying that so that I will finish the picture," she accused and locked herself in her flat.

But the following day a friend fell ill, desperately ill. Money was needed hurriedly, money to pay for surgeons and operations and medicines. Bergner returned to the studio.

"I'll work," she said, her face a little wistful and sad, "but don't think it's because you've convinced me."

The film was an unparalleled success in all the cities where the censors would allow it through. Bergner became the most beloved actress in Europe. They looked upon her as a goddess.

"Elizabeth Bergner," said Louis Golding, the distinguished and far-famed author, "is exactly like a sheet of water which, on a dull day, will hardly catch the eye. But on a day of bright sunshine and wind, it is a blue expanse of laughter, and if another weather blows, it is livid with storm."

That is the most perfect description ever penned of this incredible little Austrian.

But then, into her idyllic and almost legendary existence came the Hitler bombshell. Bergner, a Jewess, packed her trunks and sailed for England. Hitler ordered her return on the grounds that there can be exceptions to every rule.

"There can be no exceptions in uncivilized massacres," is said to have been her reply to the German dictator.

From that minute on I believe that Elizabeth Bergner was a marked woman. In spite of all assurances to the contrary I *know* there were detectives watching her from the moment she landed at Southampton until she was safely installed in her Park Street flat.

Now, no one is allowed to see her unless on important business. Even the press are scrutinized thoroughly before admittance. Why? Does Bergner fear for her life?

On The Opening night of *Escape Me Never* at the Apollo London turned out in its glory.

Crowds . . . lights . . . the élite of Mayfair . . . royalty . . . applause, and one more magnificent triumph for Elizabeth Bergner. And with this opening came our first meeting.

"Poor man," she said with an elfish smile, "have they treated you very badly?"

To be allowed to speak with her for more than fifteen minutes is both a compliment and a distinction afforded to few.

"But why?" you ask her.

"Because," she says, and pauses. Then her stridently girlish voice rises to a crescendo, "Because I don't believe in interviews . . . Einstein, Shaw, Remarque or Mussolini—yes. But I? I have nothing nearly so important to say. I'm an artist . . . if you have seen me on the stage then you know more about me than I could ever put into words."

"What about Hitler?" I hazarded, aware of the fact that was dangerous ground.

For a moment she was silent. Then, "Naturally I am distressed at the tragedy of the new Germany . . ."

"Do you believe—"

"No, no, no!" she broke in sharply. "That is all I have to say."

Elizabeth Bergner Is more than an artist—she is a genius who will never grow old.

When she collapsed on the stage the management refunded every penny paid for advance tickets.

"There will be no performance for at least a week," they said, "No one can understudy Bergner."

Up in Hampstead the little star was bedridden, watched night and day by London's most famous doctors.

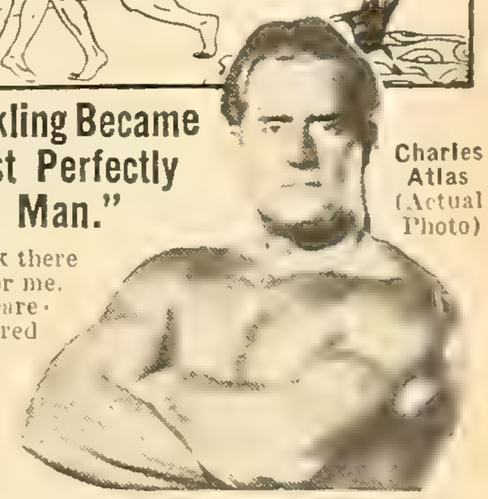
Bergner used occasionally to have food sent in to her dressing room nights from a little restaurant in a nearby street. Did the star's unknown enemies find this out? Did they tamper with the food on its way to the theatre? Those are just two of the questions being asked here and, as yet, getting no answer.

A visit to the restaurant in question proved it to be a place of international repute and there is not the slightest chance that the food was "doctored" *inside* the precincts. But the girl who carried the tray admits that she *did* stop and talk to several people on the way over.

And so we wait and wonder.



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Love Is Life to Otto Kruger

Continued from page thirty-three

But when *Beauty For Sale*, in which he played his first romantic rôle opposite Madge Evans, was released, feminine hearts from Maine to California and from Washington to Florida, began to pulse to a faster tempo. Feminine America took one look and decided that they must have Kruger. He had brought a new type of sex appeal, a new brand of love-making to the screen. His poise, his polished sophistication, his blonde wavy hair and his smile did things to them. But it was his voice, more than anything else, which made feminine hearts turn flip flops.

It would require volumes to hold an account of Kruger's amazing career. He was born in Toledo, Ohio, of German parentage and his real name is Krueger.

He has spent a total of more than seventeen years in college but is not eligible for a single college degree.

"When President Butler of Columbia University gave a luncheon for me at the Lotus Club in New York some years ago," said Otto, "he wanted to confer some sort of degree upon me. But search as he would among my hundreds of credits, he could not combine enough to entitle me to any degree within his power to confer. I have studied everything from electrical engineering to mob psychology and perhaps that is why I am not a great actor. My mind is too absorbent. I want to know about too many things and it prevents me from giving the concentration to my work that I should."

When Kruger was a boy, just passed his sixteenth year, he commanded a ninety-foot schooner which he sailed without power from Philadelphia down Delaware Bay, up the storm-tossed coast of New England and down the St. Lawrence river to the Great Lakes and at last to his home port, Toledo.

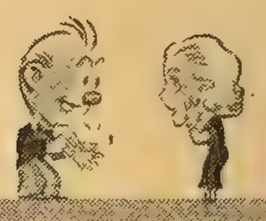
When even a smaller boy, just past nine in fact, he once tried to lead a seventy-five-piece orchestra but got stage fright and could not finish. Now he is an accomplished musician and can play almost any instrument like a professional. At seventeen he was a lineman for a Mid-West telephone company and once narrowly escaped death when he was inspecting a 500 volt armature for a shorted fuse. He was leaning over the armature, peering into its vitals, when a ball of fire suddenly sprang out.

"I saw it coming," he relates, "and I thought that my time had come. I wasn't frightened. I was merely curious. For six months I lay in a hospital, totally blind and completely shorn of hair. Neck and face were terribly burned and it was feared that I would be disfigured for life."

It would not be fair to Kruger to leave him here without saying something of that remarkable voice of his which a studio press agent labeled *The Voice With the Mating Call*. Kruger uses his voice as a great musician uses his instrument. Before he would consent to appear before the mike, he demanded to be allowed to put in two weeks in the recording department so that he could study the science of the thing and learn something about the voices of the women with whom he was to appear.

Studios are fighting for Kruger's services. He is Hollywood's latest screen Romeo.

Strange MOVIE FACTS





Clark Gable's hobby used to be the "stepping up" of small cars. He had a flivver once that was capable of doing 100 miles per hour.

Greta Garbo has a private stairway and a private sun porch on her studio dressing room that enables her to enjoy sun baths during leisure moments from the sound stages.

Akim Tamiroff, the innkeeper in *Queen Christina*, has not had a working day's vacation since he came to Hollywood two years ago—yet scarcely anybody knows his name on the screen.

When Frank Morgan was a lad he was known as the best boy soprano in New York. He sang in the choir at St. Thomas' and All Angels' churches.



Tom Keene once made his living killing rattlesnakes for the government.

Lyle Talbot started his professional career as a magician but gave it up when his stooge forgot to close the apparatus that made a rabbit disappear—much to the amusement of the audience.



Chic Sale owns one of the finest hook rug collections in the United States.

Wallace Beery can catch trout from the front porch of his mountain cabin! The cabin is located on a small island in the middle of a lake.

Ralph Bellamy once won a rôle in *Roadside*, a stage play, by wearing three vests to build up his slender physique so he would look like a tough guy.



When Una Merkel made her stage début she was paid a dollar for every word she spoke. Of these there were three—"Come on, Wisconsin."

I'm a Gay Divorcee

Continued from page twenty-three

much at their mercy as I am as a divorcée. If Bill and I were invited to a party, and for some reason or other we could not attend, all we had to do was to send regrets. But regrets from a newly unattached girl? Don't be silly! "You must come, my dear. I can't bear to think of you being alone . . . "

Or take the other angle of this entertaining problem. When Bill and I were married we entertained frequently. And because he is such a splendid and natural host only the pleasant duties fell my way, such as arranging the flowers and seating the guests. Everything went so smoothly I was often a guest at my own parties.

But when the divorcée entertains in her brand new bachelor quarters . . . ah! There is entertainment!

Everything from calling up the caterers to paying off the stringed orchestra falls to her, not to mention that little detail of seeing that So-In-So doesn't fall asleep in a corner undiscovered until daybreak when he is always spotted by a neighbor taking a solitary departure (*scandal*!!!).

In the year and a half of our married life, Bill and I gave many parties, as I have mentioned before. We never had one disagreeable moment through jealousy! My charming ex-husband had implicit confidence in me, and if I was seen carrying on a tête-tête with a handsome guest . . . he regarded it merely as one of the duties of a good hostess. I can't say this same attitude is true of several gentlemen whom I know quite casually since my divorce! It can be quite annoying to find yourself explaining your actions to a more or less furious young man who has not the slightest claim to explanations . . . or anything else.

MEN! NEW MEN! A perfect passing parade of men . . . these are supposed to be the highlights of interest in a divorcée's life. And at first (I insist upon being truthful about all this) the ringing of the telephone, and the sound of a nice, masculine voice asking for a dinner or dancing engagement, is nice . . . and often, exciting. You think: "This reminds me of my flapperhood . . . of those gay days and nights when I was free, white and unattached with a string of beaux to take me out every night in the week." I say, you think this, at first! And then you begin to wonder about many things:

We never go backward in life. All of us, except the nit-wits, must go forward. If we lose, or escape giddiness . . . we seldom recapture it . . . which is just as well. If we have found one man to whom we can talk and enjoy the quiet moments, we are that much wiser about men with whom we can only dance and dine and pass the frivolous moments of life. Every girl goes through the period when any attractive man who dances well and makes a presentable appearance is a suitable escort for an evening. And every divorcée reaches the stage where she knows better! Another thing:

When a girl is single, before she has ever been married, every new man she meets carries the promise of possible romance to her . . . and she to him. Their association is sweet because the men she meets are usually younger and less experienced. But the divorcée finds these boy-and-girl romances closed to her forever . . . because, well, just because they are! The suitors at the divorcée's court are of a far more worldly stripe.

I was surprised one evening to be called to the telephone by a man in Hollywood who enjoys a thoroughly hectic reputation as a rounder and playboy. I had met him casually at a big party the evening before.

"Hello, Carole," he hailed me. "How about getting into your glad rags and going stepping?"

I replied, "Sorry, but I'm very tired." I had no intention of being seen with this man.

"Don't be silly," he insisted, "I'll be right over for you. We'll raise some whoopee!"

I tried to put him off. "I have another engagement."

"Break it," he commanded. "I'll be over in ten minutes."

I was thoroughly angry by then. "I won't be here," I screamed into the 'phone . . . but he didn't hear. He was already on his way.

One of the truths about being a Hollywood divorcée is that it can be most annoying to have to turn out all the lights in your house, "sushhhh" your servants and sit in the dark for a half-hour or so, while playing "not at home" . . . to such unwelcome cavaliers as this gentleman!

Why hedge . . . or muddle the point? Men have an entirely different set of social philosophies toward a girl who is merely single and one who has recently been freed by law! And every divorcée knows what the difference is!

If I were to try to sum up what hangs in the balance between the benefits and failings of being a Hollywood wife . . . and the blessings and annoyances of being a Hollywood divorcée . . . I could only repeat what I said earlier in this article . . . *there's no such thing as a perfect state for a woman with a Hollywood career!* For the great god Studio is the most jealous lover of them all!

Do You Know—

1. What popular entertainer turned down a starring movie rôle because his wife's divorce action was pending in the Los Angeles courts?
2. What great lover was blinded and had all his hair burned off while employed as a lineman?
3. What popular English star used to be a milkmaid?
4. What star's collapse while on the stage is seen as evidence of an attempt on her life?
5. One star used to work in a Milwaukee lumber yard. Who was he?
6. What star is best pleased with her screen frocks if they are so original that they seem, at first, absurd?

(*Answers on page* 63)

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Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

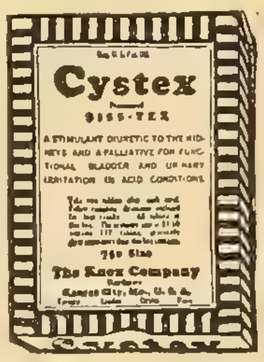
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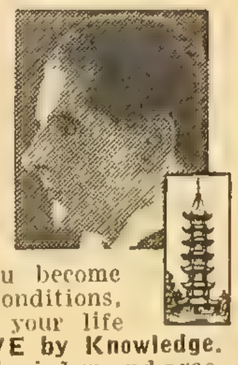


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Movie Stars' Own School of Make-Up

Continued from page forty-five



Flat-chested girls who wear a tiny hat over their eyes look like they are going to topple over

going to topple over any minute. A girl who is full-bosomed should do her hair full in back to be in proportion.

So often, too, one shoulder slopes more than another. Supposing it's the right shoulder. To overcome this, part the hair on the left side and let your wave float high over the right side. Do the opposite if it's the left shoulder that droops.

The next thing an artist does after he's gotten his proportions is to draw in the background. The skin is the background of your personal "picture." If it is smooth and clear and firm, depend upon it that "picture" will be infinitely more attractive! To insure this, there is a special new cream that is the foundation of make up and far removed from the ordinary powder base. It gives a uniform color to the face and helps to conceal any brown spots or blemishes. To blend in perfectly so that it seems to vanish, work it away from the center of the face and keep your fingers moist with cold water while you're doing it. This sets the cream and it will hold your make-up for hours.

Now Comes The important business of highlights and shadows. Many a mistake in make-up has been made because women didn't understand the rules governing them!

Rouge, even though red, acts as a shadow if used sparingly. Consequently if it is placed in the hollow of cheeks it serves to accentuate that in-drawn look. Instead, blend your rouge down from the cheekbone and around the hollow. This counteracts the natural shadow there and the contour appears fuller. You've rounded the outline of your face.

On the other hand, if you have prominent cheekbones you can use your rouge to make them less noticeable. A very slight amount of it will shadow the highlight on the cheek-bones. But avoid using too much color there. That will only make them more conspicuous.

You must learn to see red! Any painter will tell you he mixes a variety of pigments to get a skin tone. You must know the compound colors of your own skin—whether there are bluish undertones or a ruddier depth. Perhaps it has a golden cast or is sun-tanned.

Study it. Know your complexion. There's a rouge to match it that's as skillfully blended by scientists as the pigments are by famous painters. Don't spoil the effect then, by being satisfied with an "off-tone." You wouldn't like it on canvas. Why do it to yourself Be *sure* your colors are right. That's as important in a picture as outline. Probably more so—because *you can change the outline with color!*

For instance—supposing you have a thin face. Do you realize that by rouging near the center of the face you are actually emphasizing that thinness? The thing to do is to bring the rouge outward to the full part of the cheek and keep it away from the nose. By doing this you really increase the apparent width of your face.

Just the reverse is true with a chubby "moon" face. Here the rouge ought to be brought well towards the nose. Because by doing so you cut down the natural highlight through the center of the face and give it a semblance of length. To borrow an art term, you have "shadowed the fullness" of the cheeks.

Not Long Ago a woman you would have taken for forty or more came into my studio. When she went out she looked twenty-five. We had done nothing miraculous to her. All we did was to apply a little fundamental knowledge of art. You see, she had been using a purplish rouge low on her cheeks. The result, of course, was that it made her face look square and years older. *Never let rouge wander below your lips.* Another thing, she had dark circles under her eyes. Instead of helping her to erase them by a slight tracing of the red as she should have done, the color was nowhere near the circles. That is always artistically bad. To have the rouge a distance from the eyes.

What we taught her to do was simply this: To start the rouge—which was the match of her own skin tone—at the high point of the cheek by *patting,* not rubbing, and to follow the curve of the cheekbone toward the nose. Then with the fingers, to blend the edges so that it seemed a very part of her complexion, and to carry the rouge very faintly up to the outer corner of the lower eyelid. This not only gives the eyes an extra sparkle but it does away with those white spaces or



Full-bosomed girls should do their hair full in the back

HOLLYWOOD



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You'll find in the September issue "Radio Doubles of the Movie Stars," Rudy Vallée's monthly discussion of popular song hits, Jessica Dragonette's article on "Read Your Future from the Stars," RADIOLAND's Hall of Fame, reviews of current programs, tabloid stories of the stars—and dozens of other features. You'll be wise to reserve a copy with your newsdealer.



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dark rings, as the case may be, immediately below them.

I like to remember what charming Billie Burke told me once, "People love color and color inspires gaiety. That's why cosmetics mean as much to a woman as pigments to an artist!"

Consider: Is your eye-shadow blended so that it disappears, or at least seems to? Are the lines of your eyebrow pencil distinguishable or have you softened them into a gentle shadow with your fingertips as is necessary?

Most artists use their fingers as much as their brush! You can use them to extraordinary advantage in putting on make-up too.

For example: if you have round eyes and wish to lengthen them, you of course extend the line of the upper and lower lids at the outer corner with an eyebrow pencil. *Then with the cushions of your fingertips blur the line into a scarcely perceptible shadow.* That way you get the most natural effects.

If your eyes are sunken-in there is shadow enough in the inner corners without putting more there. But if you use your regular eye-shadow from the center outward you get the proper balance of light and shade.

With small eyes the trick is to highlight them from below. So with tiny even strokes, draw your eyebrow pencil under the lashes of the lower lid—and don't forget to use your fingertip to blend it!

The most essential thing about lipstick is to have it a lifelike color. Be sure to dry the lips before you apply it. Many of the stars even dry their mouths with a tissue so they'll be certain the lipstick lasts longer and is more uniform in shading. After you've outlined the contour on the upper lip, fill it in by blending the lip rouge *with the little finger.* Press your lips together, fill in the lower lip the same way—and you have a symmetrical, most attractive mouth.

With thin lips, don't be afraid to build up their shape a trifle. But do it evenly and smoothly and be careful to make the outer edge distinct and not blurred.

Thick lips call for "contrast lighting." That is, the upper lip—made up so that the line is a little inside the natural lip line—should be a shade darker than the lower one.

If it's a case of drooping lips, just don't make up the corners. Stop the color at the point where they start to droop. Because—you want the lines of your face to go *up.* Like Ginger Rogers. That's what makes a happy "picture." The sort of picture the whole world likes to see!

Answers

1. Rudy Vallée.
   See "With the News Sleuth," page 26.
2. Otto Kruger.
   See story on page 33.
3. Binnie Barnes.
   See story on page 32.
4. Elizabeth Bergner.
   See story on page 30.
5. Spencer Tracy.
   See story on page 31.
6. Greta Garbo.
   See story on page 42.



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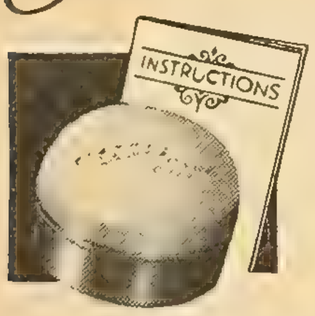


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Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page thirty-nine

Hello Hollywood

BACK in Hollywood again.

They are still trying to find a part for Francis Lederer. He is a gorgeous looking fellow and a fine chap; lot of brains; but he is just as easy to manage as a drop of quicksilver. They laughed with uproarious glee in New York when they heard last winter that he was going to Hollywood. They said they hoped the director he drew had done something wicked enough to deserve what was coming to him.

After the flop of *Man of Two Worlds*, he got still more fussy. Now RKO have sent him over to Paramount and hope for the worst.

Personally I think that the emotional Lederer was right in refusing to play Joaquin Murietta in the California drama that RKO had bought and paid for. I happen to like stories of old California; but the public doesn't and that's that.

Army Pictures

FRANK BORZAGE is braving another tough experience in making a picture at West Point, *Flirtation Walk*, with Dick Powell featured.

The army is hard to deal with. They not only censor the story on all normal lines but put in all manner of other fussy objections. They throw out good scenes with the sour remark: "We don't think that the daughter of an army officer would do that." And then the characters have to hup hup hup according to military regulations when not always according to drama.

Daggers Behind

I IMAGINE there are plenty of daggers behind the Lubitsch production of *The Merry Widow* with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

There are two people in Hollywood who have about as much use for each other as Hitler and a Jewish rabbi. They are Erich von Stroheim and Ernest Lubitsch. And Lubitsch follows—directing again the most successful picture von Stroheim ever made.

Lubitsch feels that von Stroheim betrayed his Teutonic blood in having shown the German officers as low villains in a long succession of war plays. Considering what those of German blood have since done to those of Jewish blood, Ernst's emotion may have toned down somewhat. Nevertheless this picture represents a bitter rivalry between two masters.

Marathons Are Short

MY HEART-FELT SYMPATHY to the guy who has to make a screen play out of *Anthony Adverse;* you might as well make a shooting script out of the history of the human race. If, indeed, you matched up the history of the world alongside that interminable romance, the end of the world would come along in the middle of *Anthony.* They say that the real reason why Admiral Byrd has locked himself up for the Winter in a snow hut at the South Pole is that he is trying to finish *Anthony Adverse.*

The Third Victim

LITTLE Dorothy Dell had to be the third one marked for death. First Lilyan Tashman—Lew Cody; then this child. The jinx of Hollywood is ruthless.

I knew them all; but I knew Lew Cody best of all. He was one of my buddies back in the old Mack Sennett days. The first time I saw him he was chasing Mabel Normand around a set, she screaming for help and he upsetting tables to wreak his demon will. It did not look much like an introduction to a marriage; but it was the beginning of a friendship that ended in marriage. Like Mabel herself, there was a serious and intellectual side to Lew that few understood.



In this interesting behind-the-scenes shot, Director Ernest Lubitsch (you can't mistake that cigar!) is instructing Jeanette MacDonald just how she should handle the action in the diary scene from Metro's* The Merry Widow, *in which she is co-starring with Maurice Chevalier



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I'm a Mug and Proud of It!

Continued from page thirty-one

stock actor. I'd known him by reputation long before we met. Throughout the midwest people still speak of him as a local boy, due to his work in stock. And their analysis of his character was correct after a lapse of seven years. "Yep," they'd say, "Tracy played here in stock. But he was a nice guy; no airs about him. He used to hang out with the boys at the garage."

His greatest phobia has always been a fear of insincerity. No matter where he was, Spence's greatest ambition was to be one of the boys and any and all acting was reserved for the theatre. A native of a factory and manufacturing city where actors, at best, are regarded as decidedly sissy, his urge for a dramatic career had been carefully concealed in his private skeleton collection.

Not until he and Pat O'Brien felt that they could be actors and still be "regular guys" did they journey to New York and fame. Spence consistently dodged the bright lights and Broadway even after his success in *The Last Mile.* He'd always abhorred matinée idols and suddenly he was panic-stricken at discovering he was the débutanté's favorite.

Spencer's virile parts had appealed to those Park Avenue denizens who for the first time, even if vicariously, became aware of the charm of an "average hair-on-the-chest guy." Long nights, after the show was over, he used to pace the floors fearing that some insincerity was cropping out to make him a matinée idol. It was in that frame of mind that he fled to Hollywood to make his first picture only to find the screen colony in its greatest era of artificiality.

With the coming of the talkies, diction teachers were dropping from the trains like ripe plums from a tree, and you had to cut through the broad-A's with a knife to enter the Brown Derby. After a harrassed six weeks he left precipitately for New York with a column writer's eulogy of "that cute Spencer Tracy" drumming in his ears. Nor was he to be coaxed back to the screen until he was permitted to have a say in the selection of his rôles. He vowed "no bedroom parts for me" and so it has been.

ONCE AGAIN propping his feet on the desk, he lit a cigarette and continued.

"The reason I'm so so afraid of becoming hammy, in any way, is because once you do you've lost the basis of all acting. Sincerity in playing a part is what you need and the minute you start hippodromeing all over the place your number's up.

"I think, too, that your early background lays the foundation for your type of acting. I ran around with average kids and thought I was getting up in the world when I rated the job of driving the kindling wagon and could have a swell time giving the girls an eyefull. I thought I was a man when I'd walk into a saloon and grab myself a handful of free lunch. Of course, I was just a foolish kid but I was actually meeting some real people; folks we all know. That's why I like being a mug—it is something I know something about, being just an average guy."



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30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85	28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95	29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05	31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
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31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4½	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	0.85	33x5	3.75	1.45

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7.00-20	5.95	2.95	32x6 10-ply	8.95	2.75
7.50-20	6.95	3.75	36x6	9.95	3.95
8.25-20	8.95	4.95	34x7	10.95	3.95
9.00-20	10.95	5.65	36x8	12.45	4.25
9.75-20	13.95	6.45	40x8	15.95	4.95

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THE GUIDE TO *New Pictures*

Convenient reviews of current movie attractions

Rating Code: ● ● ● ●—Excellent ● ● ●—Good ● ●—Fair ●—Mediocre

NEW PRODUCTIONS

● ● ● ●—CALL IT LUCK—Herbert Mundin as a London cabby who wins a sweepstakes fortune. Hilarious.—*Fox.*

● ● ●—COCKEYED CAVALIERS—The latest Wheeler and Woolsey opus.—*Radio.*

● ● ● ●—EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—A sure-fire laugh getter. A story of practical jokers with Chester Morris, Marian Nixon, Alan Mowbray.—*Universal.*

● ● ●—FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—A good, all-around comedy with Charlie Ruggles, Berton Churchill and Ann Dvorak.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—FOG OVER FRISCO—An old-fashioned melodrama with Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot, Donald Woods and Margaret Lindsay.—*Warners.*

● ●—GRAND CANARY—Warner Baxter as a doctor who seeks to rebuild a shattered life. With Madge Evans.—*Fox.*

● ●—I GIVE MY LOVE—The *Madame X* theme done by Wynne Gibson, Paul Lukas et al.—*Universal.*

● ● ●—LET'S TALK IT OVER—Chester Morris as a gob who loves Mae Clarke and tries to educate himself up to her standards.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—MADAME DU BARRY—Dolores Del Rio plays the title rôle in one of the season's outstanding pictures.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—MIDNIGHT ALIBI—A different sort of gangster picture with lots of pathos and human interest. Dick Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—Another good mystery and a riot of laughs. Edna May Oliver, James Gleason, Barbara Fritchie, Bruce Cabot.—*Radio.*

● ● ● ●—ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Grace Moore, the Metropolitan opera prima donna; Lyle Talbot and Tulio Carminati in one of the most delightful films ever offered.—*Columbia.*

● ● ●—ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Neil Hamilton scores a decided hit as the rounder who marries Marian Nixon to avoid summons in a divorce case.—*Hoffman.*

● ● ●—RETURN OF THE TERROR—A thrilling mystery film with John Halliday, Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot and Frank McHugh.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—SMARTY—Joan Blondell in a light and amusing comedy during which she switches husbands—Warren William and Edward Everett Horton.—*Warners.*

● ●—STOLEN SWEETS—Charles Starrett gives a fine performance in a hopelessly plotted vehicle. With Sally Blane.—*Chesterfield.*

● ● ●—THE KEY—William Powell in a story dealing with the Sinn Fein rebellion in Ireland in 1920. With Edna Best and Colin Clive.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS—Ann Harding scores in a powerful picturization of Bromfield's book. With John Boles.—*Radio.*

● ● ●—THE MAN WITH TWO FACES—Edward G. Robinson delivers splendidly in an unusual mystery story. Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke, Mary Astor.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE MERRY FRINKS—A great comedy with Aline MacMahon the mother of a mad family. With Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—THE PERSONALITY KID—A prize-fight story with Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE THIN MAN—Dashiell Hammett's great detective story ably translated to the screen with William Powell and Myrna Loy.—*Metro.*

NEIGHBORHOOD SHOWINGS

● ● ● ●—AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—Fredric March, Constance Bennett and Frank Morgan superb in 16th century love story.—*Twentieth Century.*

● ● ● ●—BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—Ronald Colman at his best in thrilling sequel to *Bulldog Drummond.* Charles Butterworth, Warner Oland, Una Merkel.—*United Artists.*

● ● ● ●—CATHERINE THE GREAT—Featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elizabeth Bergner. Romantically entertaining.—*United Artists.*

● ● ● ●—CHANGE OF HEART—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor reunited as lovers who seek happiness in New York and succeed.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—GLAMOUR—Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings in Edna Ferber's story of a show girl who puts ambition above everything.—*Universal.*

● ● ●—HALF A SINNER—Worthwhile picturization of stage hit, *Alias the Deacon.* Berton Churchill scores; Joel McCrea, Sally Blane.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—HAPPY ANDREW—Will Rogers in best performance of career as smalltown druggist on pleasure spree.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—HOLLYWOOD PARTY—Genuine musical hit. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Jack Pearl.—*Metro.*

● ● ● ●—HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD—George Arliss at his best. Story based on noted English banking family. Loretta Young and Robert Young offer fine support.—*Twentieth Century.*

● ● ● ●—LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Margaret Sullavan excellent in film version of famous novel. Douglass Montgomery.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—LITTLE MISS MARKER—Shirley Temple in a great Damon Runyon gangland story. Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford.—*Paramount.*

● ● ● ●—MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and William Powell in highly dramatic story of New York life.—*Metro.*

● ● ● ●—MEN IN WHITE—Clark Gable in one of his best performances. Intriguing love theme carried by Myrna Loy, Elizabeth Allan. Jean Hersholt excellent. Marvelous picture.—*Metro.*

● ● ●—NOW I'LL TELL—Dramatic story of gambler Arnold Rothstein. Alice Faye, Helen Twelvetrees, Spencer Tracy.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—OPERATOR 13—Marion Davies at her best with Gary Cooper in Robert W. Chambers thrilling Civil War story.—*Metro.*

● ● ●—SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Emotional drama of love, marriage and the other woman. Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—SADIE McKEE—Joan Crawford as girl who loves three men. Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond, Edward Arnold.—*Metro.*

● ● ●—STINGAREE—Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in vivid story of adventure and romance in Australia.—*Radio.*

● ● ●—THE CIRCUS CLOWN—Joe E. Brown in colorful drama of circus life.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE CRIME DOCTOR—Otto Kruger commits "perfect crime" which nearly sends Nils Asther to chair.—*Radio.*

● ● ● ●—THE LAST GENTLEMAN—Another George Arliss masterpiece of erratic gentleman with fortune to give away. Splendid.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE WITCHING HOUR—John Halliday, Tom Brown, Sir Guy Standing in powerful drama of gambling casino. Not a dull moment.—*Paramount.*

● ● ●—THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS—Sylvia Sidney in dual rôle in interesting story of romance in mythical kingdom. Cary Grant.—*Paramount.*
Barrymore as eccentric impressario and Carole

● ● ● ●—TWENTIETH CENTURY—John Barrymore as eccentric impresario and Carole Lombard as his temperamental star.—*Columbia.*

● ● ● ●—TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS—A musical built around a fair plot. Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio-Rito and his band.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—VIVA VILLA!—Outstanding movie of Mexico's great military figure. Wallace Beery, Stuart Erwin, Leo Carrillo.—*Metro.*

Additional Reviews on page 6

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